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Vices & Virtues

Tempo Magazine Spring 2009
Volume 11 ~ Issue 2



Vices &

"It has been my experience that folks who have no vices have very few virtues."
--Abraham Lincoln

In this issue of *Tempo*, we hoped to not only playfully highlight some of the vices and virtues of Coastal Carolina University's students but also of the outside world. Although we realized from the beginning this theme of contrast and contradiction has been done time and again, our plan was to put a different slant on it.

This semester we tried to be even more inclusive and open-minded than in the past, allowing more input and creativity from the contributing staff in the early stages of production. We asked them for their ideas, carefully considered them and, ultimately, chose to form the magazine around the Seven Deadly Sins and the Seven Heavenly Virtues. As you read the magazine, notice the sin or virtue

associated with each story, shown next to some of the page numbers. While this publication is definitely a secular one, we hoped the general reference to these concepts would not hinder the creative thought processes of the writers and photographers because of its specificity.

At first, this plan failed miserably. But, as we slowly came to see, the less students were prompted and tried to fit into the given motif, the more apt they were to produce more personal and intellectually independent content.

We had an overflow of interesting material, and we did our best to carefully compile it into an enjoyable and original representation of vice and virtue.

Lauren & Amanda



Virtues

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SLAVE to the WAVE

Words ~ Claire Arambula

Tommy Reynolds is a slave to the waves. It doesn't matter what the weather is or if he happens to miss a class or two; when the swell rolls up on the horizon, he's in the line up.

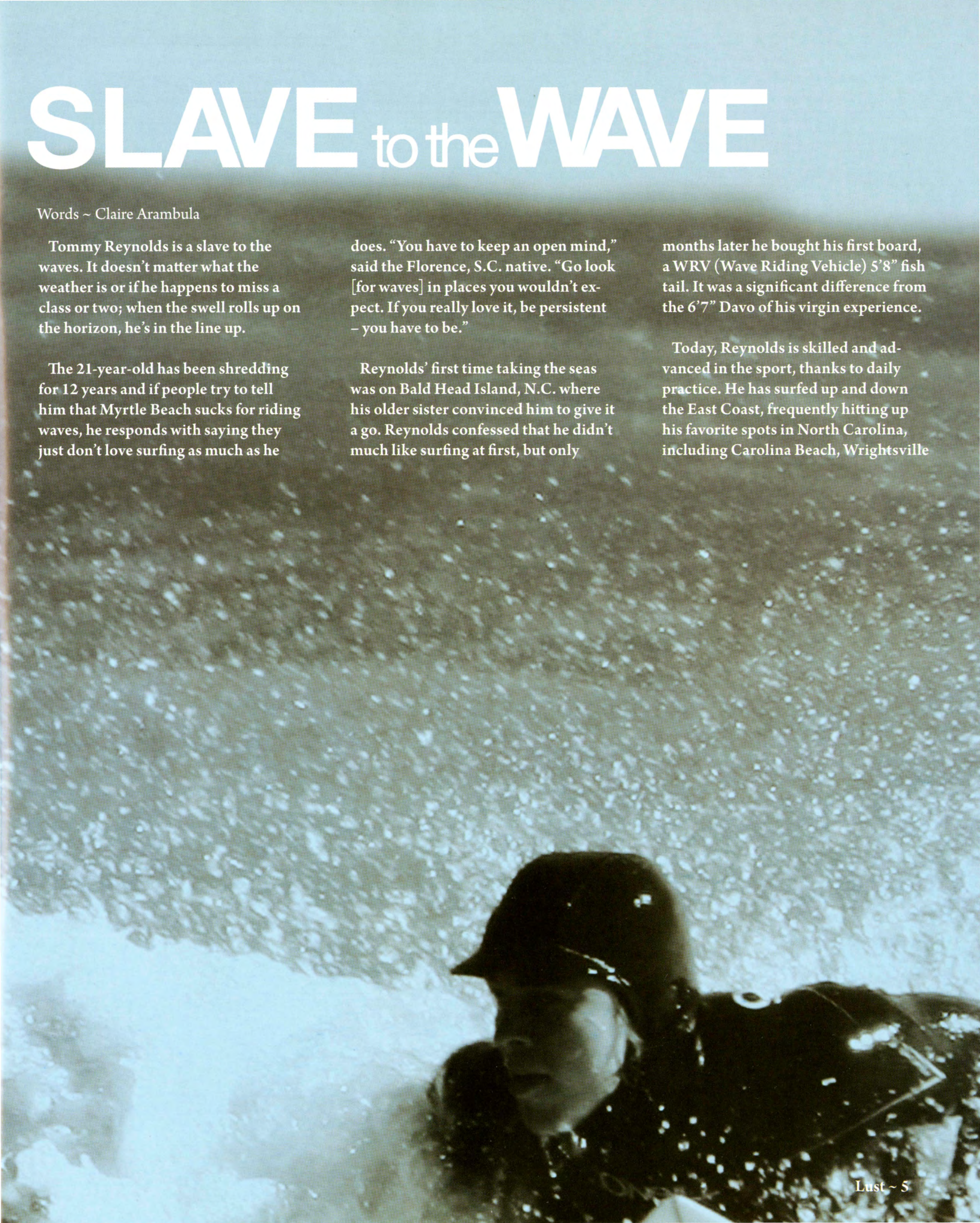
The 21-year-old has been shredding for 12 years and if people try to tell him that Myrtle Beach sucks for riding waves, he responds with saying they just don't love surfing as much as he

does. "You have to keep an open mind," said the Florence, S.C. native. "Go look [for waves] in places you wouldn't expect. If you really love it, be persistent – you have to be."

Reynolds' first time taking the seas was on Bald Head Island, N.C. where his older sister convinced him to give it a go. Reynolds confessed that he didn't much like surfing at first, but only

months later he bought his first board, a WRV (Wave Riding Vehicle) 5'8" fish tail. It was a significant difference from the 6'7" Davo of his virgin experience.

Today, Reynolds is skilled and advanced in the sport, thanks to daily practice. He has surfed up and down the East Coast, frequently hitting up his favorite spots in North Carolina, including Carolina Beach, Wrightsville



Beach, Emerald Isle and the Outer Banks. He has surfed internationally in Costa Rica and said his best session ever occurred in Panama two years ago.

"It was the day we arrived [in Panama], at a point break outside of our [group's] bungalow," Reynolds recalled this memory with a smile on his face. "We took a boat to the right-hand point break, about 400 yards out. You usually get your ass kicked in Panama, but this day, the waves were playful, easy and fun," he said.

Reynolds said he and the group he was with spent six hours in the same spot. "I got sun poisoning," Reynolds laughed. "Ah, but the waves were too fuckin' gorgeous!"

Regarding surfing and the ocean, Reynolds said he isn't afraid of sharks at all, a common paranoia in the surfing world. Instead, the beach bum's biggest bother is a crowd. "I don't like crowds at all when I'm out there," he said of paddling out. "I don't want to battle 85 kooks for breathing room."

Reynolds plans to take this solitary mindset into his future, as he hopes to someday retire somewhere remote, tropical and warm where he has "no worries except what board to take out"

for daily surf sessions.

In addition to surfing, Reynolds has an appreciation for skateboarding, exercising and "drinking a lot of beer." When it comes to music, the athlete mostly prefers artists that get him pumped up for paddling out, including Cannibal Corpse, Suffocation, The Almost Brothers, Johnny Cash and Pantera.

Similarly, his favorite movie genre is specifically "sick, bloody, '80s, stupid horror movies." But, his pre-session habits include a different type of film with similar adrenaline intensity. "The Decline is a 3-hour surf video that shows every [surf] spot and every surfer. It gets me really amped," he said. Other preparation rituals include listening to speed metal music really loudly in his car and, in the winter, Reynolds said he "blares" his truck heater into his wetsuit, zips it up and picks his peak.

The surfer's No. 1 role model is Matt Archibald, an "old, gnarly pro surfer from the '80s who went to rehab many times, but whose powerful, crazy style always comes back." Reynolds admires Archibald's resilience and identity in the surf world. But, Reynolds has his own style: his long, blonde, sun-

streaked hair makes him stand out in almost any crowd.

Reynolds is currently completing his last semester at Coastal Carolina University, and will graduate in May with a degree in business administration. However, he said he has no idea what he's doing after graduation. "I want to surf a lot and travel, but I gotta get money first, so I'm gonna work a lot and then get the hell out of here," he said. Reynolds is set on living somewhere where the surfing is better.

One of the No. 1 problems with Myrtle Beach, according to the surfer, is that there are not enough female surfers out in the water. "We are sorely in need of girls who take [surfing] seriously. Not the ones who show up using their boards as fashion accessories," he said. Reynolds is not the only one who feels this way.

Jesse John Boyd, 24, grew up in Inverloch, Victoria, Australia and has been surfing since he was 4 years old. In 2006, Boyd spent time abroad studying at CCU and experiencing the American way of life. Boyd said when he was in Myrtle Beach, he didn't meet many female surfers who attended CCU, and the women were also absent in the line up.



"Could be that girls spend their time on the sand rather than being encouraged by family and friends to get on a board," he explained. "Some girls don't want to be seen to fail. Some reasons why surfing is popular in Australia is that young Aussie girls have positive surfing role models in Layne Beachley, and surfing is seen as a healthy and even sexy sport to participate in." Understanding that surfing is not a promoted lifestyle on the Grand Strand makes the lack of surfing culture easier to account for.

Boyd compared the local beaches to his hometown. "When I was in the Myrtle Beach area, I met a few people that surfed, not as many as I would have found in a similar place in Australia. In Australia, there is a strong surfing culture and it can be defined on different levels -- anything from surf clothing brands being worn by most people, more female surfers, surfers of all ages from 3 years old to 80 years old, to surfing programs highlighted in high school curriculum. In Australia, the surfing culture is seen as a healthy alternative, spending time outdoors on beautiful beaches, often with family, and developing new friendships," said the Aussie.

Here in Myrtle Beach, surf culture is what the surfer makes it. One can embrace the history, simplicity and freedom of surfing as much or as little as he or she chooses. And Tommy Reynolds, though one of the few natives holding onto the true surf vibes, will continue cherishing that brutal pain that is surfing. "When my back's blown out and my legs feel like noodles, I won't even care. I'll be grinning the whole time," he said. "Just let [it] all fall away, get your priorities in line and just surf. And don't be a Barney; get your own waves!"

While Myrtle Beach is limited in its surf culture, there are a few institutions in which locals can get involved. The Eastern Surfing Association is the largest surfing association in the world that more than 7,000 surfers are a part of. According to the organization's Web site, the ESA was founded in 1967 by East Coast Surfers and is dedicated to competitive surfing for all ages, as well as the preservation of the ocean environment. The ESA cultivates surfers of all ages and holds qualifying competitions for grand events such as the East Coast for the American Surfing Championships, the U.S.A. Surfing Championships and the U.S. National

Surf Team. To get involved, surfers can register online at Surfesa.org, and become a part of the Eastern surfing culture at the click of a mouse. Some famous surfers who have previously immersed themselves in this opportunity and emerged from the ESA include Kelly Slater, CJ Hobgood, Shea and Cory Lopez, Noah Snyder, Karina Petroni and Lisa Anderson.

Another powerhouse international organization is The Surfrider Foundation. This is a non-profit environmental organization that takes special interest in the protection of oceans and beaches through practicing conservation, activism, research and education. The Foundation hosts campaigns to help save the coastlines around the world from destruction, pollution and erosion. The best part is, there is a chapter right here in Myrtle Beach. Log onto Surfridergrandstrand.org to find dates on upcoming local events.

Other ways to get involved include annual surf contests, often promoted and sponsored by the local surf shops in Garden City, Myrtle Beach and North Myrtle Beach. One big scene to look out for is the Guy Daniels Memorial Surf Off, which takes place every August.



An American Tragedy

How steroids tarnished baseball, America's favorite pastime

Words ~ Kyle Drapeau

Baseball—it's America's favorite pastime. Say the word and anyone with love for the sport instantly flashes to a specific memory. For some people, it's the smell of a fresh leather glove. For others, it's their first professional game with their dad. I know I'll never forget sitting just beyond center field as Julio Franco, a player in his twilight years, battled through more than 15

pitches in extra innings before connecting with a fastball over the heart of the plate in the 2003 National League Division Series. Something amazing welled up in me, a kind of happiness, as the ball rose high into the night sky, 48,000 eyes fixated on its travel. It slapped off the wall just in front of me, and the Atlanta Braves won that game; though, they would go on to lose the

series. That was almost six years ago, and I still remember it as clearly as if it was yesterday.

What makes these moments so pure for us as fans is that we trust our players. These men are our heroes because they can do things we will never be capable of doing. Because of that, we give over a part of ourselves to the



players. Fans of either the Chicago Cubs or the Boston Red Sox will know what it's like to put their faith in a team year after year, only to see them continuously fall (though the Red Sox have recently exorcized those demons). As crestfallen as those players must be, we too suffer with them. Yet, some players feel as though they have to cheat to excel, simply because they want to be better. They want the adoration, the fans and the records. They are the men whose downfall comes at the hands of pride.

In recent years, I've seen some of the best players fall victim to self-obsession with being the best. If a record is broken or set, even by a player I despise, I'd like to know that the record was broken in an honest way. Cheating disgusts me. It demeans a sport I love. It is for that reason that I hold certain players in contempt because they let narcissism influence their lives. Jason Giambi, Jose Canseco, Rafael Palmeiro and a host of other players have all fallen victim to that need to be better than everyone else. They can posture and dance for the cameras and shout "I didn't do it" or they can fall on their knees and beg for forgiveness, but the fact of the matter is that they wanted everyone to worship them. They wanted the glory; they wanted the recognition; and, they wanted to be able to say, "I'm better than you."

The most recent case is Alex Rodriguez of the New York Yankees, the fastest player to reach 500 home runs in his career. I was actually mildly impressed, in spite of my Red Sox loyalty, by the accomplishment itself. And then, in early February, ESPN dropped what has become an all too familiar bomb: steroid use. I stood back and I watched A-Rod initially sidestep the questions, watched fur-

ther still as he shifted to fervent denial and then I sat in amazement as he finally admitted it.

It's been bad enough having to know that the great home run battle of '98 I watched with excitement at the age of eleven was a total farce due to Mark McGwire's guilt. Equally as insulting was the fact that he lied to Congress about it. For those who don't know, both McGwire and Sammy Sosa went after the single season home run record that year, which stood at 61. It has been just as painful knowing that the all-time "Homerun King" Barry Bonds has almost certainly been 'juic-

only way to do it was to shoot up and join the ranks of great cheaters everywhere. Yet, he won't acknowledge that because of his pride. Congratulations, A-Rod, you're as dirty as the Chicago "Black Sox" (Note: The "Black Sox" were a baseball team that threw the 1919 World Series and are actually the Chicago White Sox).

It saddens me deeply that the sport I love now seems irrevocably tainted by something so easily avoidable. If players want us to worship them, they should just work hard and leave everything all on the field. We leave everything with them, whether we're

It saddens me deeply that the sport I love now seems irrevocably tainted by something so easily avoidable.

ing,' or injecting steroids, for nearly a decade. Bonds passed the immortal Hank Aaron several years ago to ascend to the top of the all time home runs list. If you don't think Bonds has been juicing, find a picture of his rookie year and then look at a current picture of him. No amount of weight lifting can do that to a body.

Now I've got to sit back and watch as yet another record holder admits that his pride got the best of him... Oh, wait—no, I don't because A-Rod won't acquiesce to that specifically. Sure, he admitted to taking steroids for an "energy boost," but what does that really mean? It means he wanted to be better than everyone else, and the

in the stands, caps turned inside out for a rally or sitting at home screaming at our television sets. Letting pride get the best of you and taking steroids to play better, stronger and faster does not garner our respect. It only succeeds in eliciting our disgust. Perhaps that which is most upsetting is the proposed 'solution' to this problem of false ability. Now, all that will be left is a tiny little asterisk next to their name, which tells us they cheated. Next to every record that was broken when these players took that respect-killing mixture of steroids and pride we are simply left with a symbol.

Internal Sunshine of a Troubled Mind

Dealing with the long road of depression one stage at a time.

Words ~ Ashleey Williamson

The ironic part about looking at the sun is that it's too bright to stare at yet too beautiful to look away.

It's not always easy to see the sun. There are sometimes too many clouds that seem to hide it from your view. These clouds are black, stormy, full of rain and thunder with no silver lining, and you begin to wonder if the sun even exists anymore.

A great friend once told me that nature is a gentle whisper from God. Recently, I was sitting outside in an open field in Inverness, Fla. The sun was beaming down on me, the grass was swaying with each breath of the wind and Loris Lane, my 4-month-old pup, ran through the wide open range as if she were the freest being to ever live. An occasional pit stop and she was off again, chasing the leaves, grasshoppers and all of the other beautiful phenomena that called this field their home. She was free.

Why can't we all feel like Loris? It's not the cruel world that causes us to be trapped inside ourselves from emotional and spiritual freedom. As human beings, we hold ourselves captive in our minds, tainted by society, constantly influenced by cultural and family values. There are too many expectations we feel we must live up to in order to obtain true freedom and happiness: get a good education, make sure to land a lucrative job and buy that beautiful home with the white picket fence where you will live out the

American dream.

But, sometimes those expectations are too much; sometimes you just don't want to try anymore. Sometimes, you feel like you have failed to succeed in this life of high expectation and it's time to give up.

The feeling of failure is one of self-loathing and desperation – at least, that's what I could say for myself. In January 2009, I was starting my last semester of college, interning at a local newspaper, serving as News Editor for The Chanticleer and hosting a radio show twice a week for WCCU Student Radio. I also worked part-time and even found the time to maintain a serious long distance relationship with my boyfriend, Andrew.

I was often asked how I managed to do it all. I usually lied and would casually answer that I organized my time, got adequate sleep and ate well. The truth? I was dependant on a prescription drug, and that singular drug was what helped me through each day of my life. To those who didn't know of my addiction, I appeared to be a bright, hard-working student with potential to go as far as I could ever dream. But, that was far from the reality of my situation.

I was a drug addict. I was dependant on prescription pills that altered my brain receptors and made me absolutely unable to function without them in my system. These pills were Alprazolam, a benzodiazepine commonly

referred to as Xanax, of which I was prescribed 6 milligrams a day. Sadly, I was taking up to five times my prescribed dosage. The first thing I did when I opened my eyes each morning was take a pill, maybe two, just so I could get out of bed. Anytime I had to do something simple, something that took leaving my house or involved thinking, I needed Xanax.

This was the life I was living. I was doing great and productive things on a day-to-day basis with absolutely no recollection of them due to side effects of the drug. But, regardless of how unhealthy my life was, the addict in me could not stop.

By taking up to three times as many pills as prescribed daily, I inevitably ran out early each month – sometimes one week early, sometimes three weeks – and then, I hoped for one of two things: Xanax or death. Only those could relieve the misery of self-induced 'detox' I went through.

By February, I had finally hit rock bottom. I couldn't do it anymore. It was time for me to admit that I could no longer live this way. It was time to admit I needed help.

I sent a mass e-mail to all of my professors and advisors, informing them I was having a mental breakdown and intended on seeing a psychiatrist the following week. I didn't tell the entire truth. I was indeed having a breakdown, but the thought of admitting my addiction to my superiors who thought

so highly of me, and whom I thought even higher of, was terrifying.

I saw a psychiatrist the next Tuesday and was immediately committed to a rehabilitation facility, after being diagnosed with the obvious disease of addiction, as well as severe chemical depression.

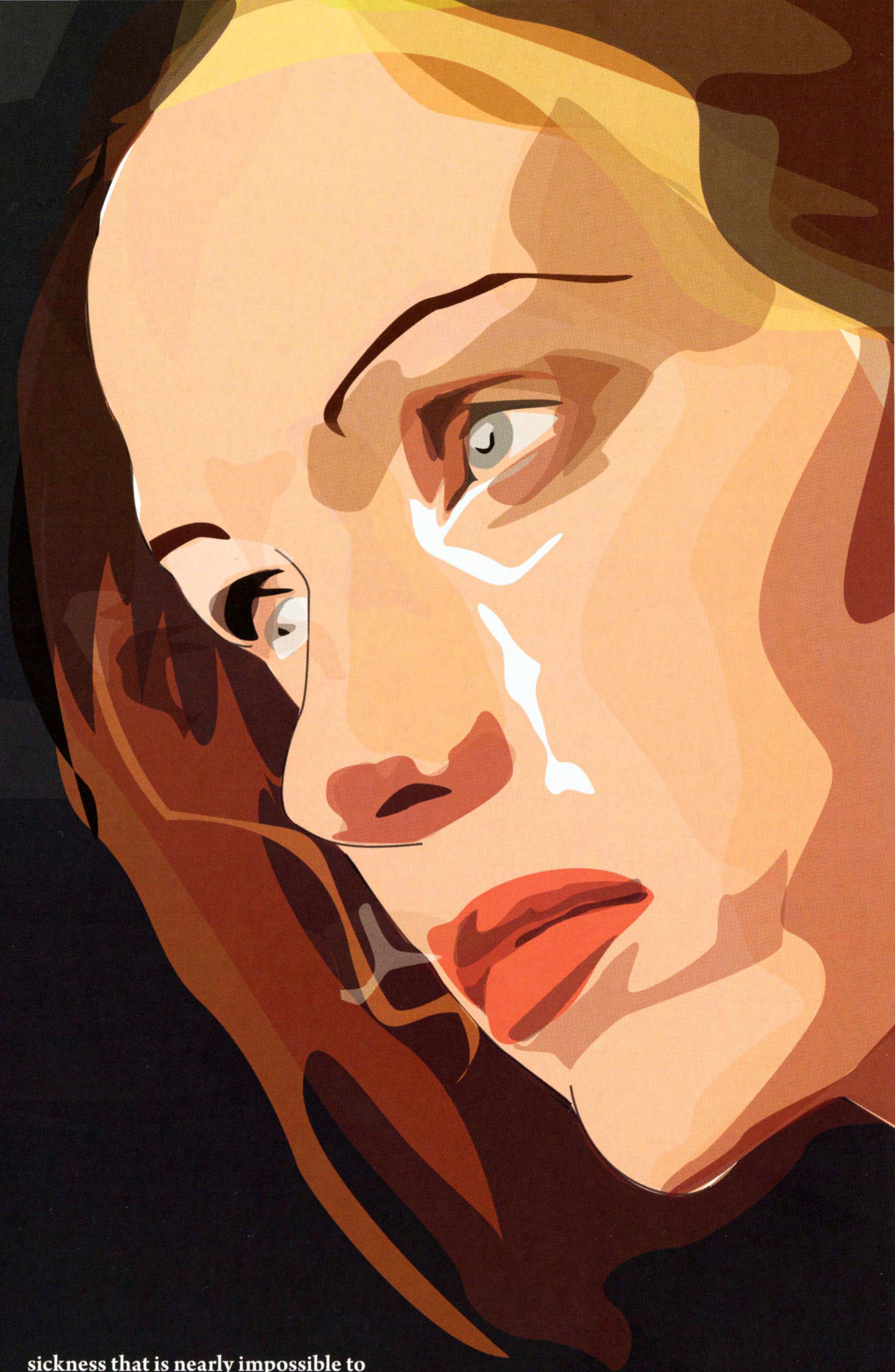
I spent 10 days in the facility and was placed on several medications, one of which was an anti-depressant. According to warning labels, side effects of some anti-depressants can include loss of appetite, weight gain or loss, anxiety and/or suicidal thoughts.

Unfortunately for me, rather than recuperating from any depression, I only experienced the negative effects. I had panic attacks almost hourly, I stopped eating and my weight dropped to 97 pounds. Needless to say I was still depressed, and the worst side effect, the one that hit me hardest, came on February 23, 2009. Just five days after being released from the rehab facility, I attempted to take my life by overdosing on my prescription sleeping pills. I was on the phone with Andrew when I took them, and that was the last thing I remember.

There's a billboard going north on U.S. 501 that says, "You'd never say, 'It's just cancer, get over it.'" Underneath that rather large lettering is an advertisement for the Web site: www.depressionisreal.org.

For those who have never experienced depression, it is a very serious

sickness that is nearly impossible to describe unless you have felt it firsthand. The commercials try to explain the pain and anguish, and I guess they do a somewhat adequate job – although, if you consider all of their descriptions, and multiply them by one thousand, you're still nowhere near the real experience. "...Depression hurts



everywhere," they say, "...Mentally, emotionally, physically."

These attempts at describing the feeling of chronic depression are heard while images of grown adults are shown on the television screen. These people, who have a seemingly perfect life, lay on their couch with a look of pure hopelessness and lethargy. They're holding their head, back and stomach because the mental pain caused by this sickness turns into physical pain, causing incessant migraines and for some, uncontrollable vomiting.

Emotionally, it feels as if there is nothing in this world worth caring about, because deep down inside, you wonder why others even care about you. You don't want to talk to people, you don't want to work, go to school or go to parties – you do not want to face the world.

There is nothing more tragic than a woman who knows she has an amazing future ahead of her and has no desire to live it. That woman was me because of drug addiction and ultimately, depression.

I woke up to several police and fire rescue workers over my bed and was taken to the emergency room hours after I took the pills. My mother was already on her way from Graniteville to come get me. Apparently, motherly instincts do exist, because she called 9-1-1 and sent the ambulance to my apartment after being unable to reach me all day.

The hospital released me to my mother that night, and the next morning she called my advisor to withdraw me from school. I was clearly not stable enough to live alone, and she and I decided it was best for me to live with her and my father in Graniteville until my depression medication was changed and stabilized.

That same day, I went to see my psychiatrist and told him about the suicide attempt. He changed my medication to a different anti-depressant. I hoped this medication would work the way it was intended to and I would be able to climb out of this dark hole of depression and the desire to end it all.

That whole day and night my mother and I cried together, praying for an answer to why all this was happening and more so, praying for some type of relief.

God listened to our prayers that night. The next morning, my advisor called to tell us that due to my medical condition, and because of how hard I had worked for three and a half years, she petitioned for a non-traditional study in which my classes would be completed via independent study, and I could finish from home.

My mother and I wept with joy as we packed up my apartment and headed off to Graniteville, where I would let my medication take effect and start a new life of sobriety and most importantly, genuine happiness.

I wish the story ended there; I wish the ending were that blissful. Within two days of living at my parents' house, it all fell apart again.

I told my mom one evening that Andrew planned on coming up to see me. She immediately told me I was not

allowed to leave the house for 30 days. She also cut off my cell phone and disconnected the Internet so I could have no contact with Andrew, or anybody else.

In retrospect, I know what my mother was doing was in my best interest. She was trying to keep me safe. At that time, however, that wasn't my interpretation. I made the rash decision to leave my parents' home immediately. I had no idea where I was going at that moment, but I knew I was leaving. Holding back a river of tears, I told my mom goodbye and walked out my parents' home, to which I felt in my heart I was never welcome back.

Loris and I walked down the dark stretch of country road in 23 degree weather. I don't know how far we walked, but I finally saw a house with lights on inside. I used the family's phone to call my eldest brother, Matt, who lived about 6 miles away. I told him where I was, and he said he would be there soon.

When we arrived at Matt's house, my sister-in-law embraced me and I bawled like a baby on her shoulder. I kept asking myself what I had done. I wanted to go back home to my parents, the two people who have been there all of my life, loving me, supporting me and making sure I had everything I needed to live happily and have a posi-

tive, successful future.

It was too late to turn back; I couldn't fix what I had done. My only choice was to move forward. I called Andrew, and he immediately left his house near Ocala, Fla. only to drive eight hours through the night, planning to bring me back to live with him and his family.

Andrew had proposed to me shortly before he moved to Florida, but I didn't accept the ring then. The moment he arrived at my brother's house the next morning, I held him tightly and asked him to marry me.

After briefly staying in Florida, I moved to North Augusta, S.C. with Matt and his family. Andrew went to live with his mother in Spartanburg,.

I have been sober since February 11, 2009, and my anti-depressants have made me an entirely new person. I am happy, motivated and determined to succeed despite the odds of several battles I have faced. Regardless of the rugged road I have traveled over the last few months, the extremely rash decisions and times I felt it was almost time to give up, I will be a graduate of Coastal Carolina University, and I'm moving on with my life.

Yet, I still cry knowing what I've put my family through. I pray every day for

God to give me the strength to forgive myself for the hurt I have caused my parents. If only my mother and father knew that the hurt they are feeling dwells just as deep inside of me. My relationship with my parents has fallen apart because of a decision I made to walk out of their home one night to be with the man I plan to marry. Although those clouds haven't gone away, I can still see the sun behind them. God continues to bless me and carry me through each day. I keep walking, and He holds my hand every step of the way. He hasn't taken the pain away, but during those moments of tears and regret, He is always there for me.

Freedom from pain, depression and addiction is not an easy road to travel. It is up to you whether or not to let the circumstances of this world defeat you. You can choose to give up, or you can choose to keep fighting through the storm until the sun is shining again.

Always look beyond those clouds, keep your head up toward the horizon and continue walking that road until you've reached the sun.



The Psychology of Kindness

Words ~ Elin Hamalainen

What separates those who embrace sadism, whether consciously or subconsciously, from those who practice acts of altruism? How come some individuals burglarize homes while others volunteer their time to help build them? The seemingly simple, yet extremely complex answer is kindness. Kindness is a virtue that is woven into the fabric of almost

every major religion. It is the backbone and foundation of our moral codes. Its very presence brings us together, and its absence sets us at odds with each other. Researchers have long sought after answers to why, how, when and due to what factors people exhibit or inhibit acts of kindness. Some may even argue there is no such thing as a purely altruistic

act. The motives that drive such actions remain highly disputed.

Enter the Free Hugs Campaign. Juan Mann came to a realization one fateful day in 2004, and literally wrapped his arms around an idea, bringing into existence the Free Hugs Campaign. Although the world may never know his

real name, as he goes by the aforementioned pseudonym, his movement has touched the lives and brightened the days of countless individuals across the globe.

After experiencing a magnitude of personal difficulties while living in London, Juan returned to his native homeland, Australia. Yet, when he arrived, instead of being embraced with feelings of familiarity and warmth, he was flooded with feelings of loneliness and despair. He longed to have a moment similar to his fellow passengers as he watched them run to their loved ones who stood eagerly awaiting their arrival. Feeling like an outsider looking in, he so heavily desired some form of human connection, some indication that he was wanted and belonged.

Instead of manifesting into envy, Juan's

left her feeling as though she was utterly alone. She so desperately wanted a simple indication that someone out there cared. This indication was extended in the form of a hug.

In 2006 a YouTube music video by the Sydney band, Sick Puppies, brought Juan's concept to the world's attention. The video documented Juan and his newly formed hugger posse distributing free hugs, and broadcasted the concept of practicing random acts of kindness and of giving when you don't expect anything in return. Like other YouTube videos, this one was soon viral and gained support and volunteers worldwide.

Juan could easily have become bitter towards people who had smiling loved ones waiting for them at the airport. Instead, he sought to give to those what he did not have. He sought to selflessly extend a

be synonymous with jealousy, actually refers to the frustration and, quite literally, the pain experienced by someone upon realization another has more than he or she does. Research has shed some light on Schadenfreude's link with envy by studying the results of the brain scans of individuals while they responded to such feelings. During periods of intense envy, pain nodes in the individuals' brain were activated. Upon being told that misfortune had befallen the person he or she envied, the reward centers in the participants' brain were activated. Additionally, scientists have been able to predict how much of a Schadenfreude response a person will have, given the level of prior envy response.

So, what drives individuals to practice acts of kindness? This question has long

Empathy refers to the ability to understand and in a sense feel what someone else is feeling, to walk a mile in their shoes and see from their point of view.

longing sublimated into creativity. Remembering how much a particular hug from a random stranger had lifted his mood, Juan decided to also give hugs away in hopes of making those around him feel better. Using markers and cardboard he created a simple sign on which he wrote "Free Hugs." Armed with his sign and desire to help those in need, he stood in the middle of one of the busiest pedestrian intersections and waited. Soon enough, he received his first patron. An elderly lady approached Juan and disclosed her current personal struggle, explaining how a series of events had

hug and show compassion to those who might need it, just because it would make them feel better. And, he did this without wanting anything in return.

Despite the huge success of Juan's venture, there are millions of others who find entertainment in witnessing those around them suffer. The German loanword *schadenfreude* refers to deriving pleasure from someone else's pain. This occurrence typically occurs during the presence of envy.

Envy, although commonly thought to

been a topic of debate among psychologists and sociologists. Is a purely altruistic act even possible? Are human beings capable of doing something for someone else without seeking some form of benefit? Although there is some support for the existence of selfless acts of kindness, a popular theory, especially among evolutionary psychologists, is that kindness is reciprocal. We are all familiar with the phrase, "You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours." Some proponents of this theory argue that acts of kindness are not selfless and are actually in a sense, selfish, because although initially the individual

may give without receiving anything in return, they do so in hopes of eventually reaping some benefit.

Scientists taking this side argue that benefits include forming bonds or relationships which in the long term pay out, since in our time of need those we helped will, in turn, help us. This would go along with “survival of the fittest,” as those who could form the most beneficial bonds would most likely ensure survival, and would almost imply a manipulative nature towards kind acts, since one expects to directly gain something in terms of the long run.

Using Functional Magnetic Resonance Imaging, a study conducted in 2006 examined the brain’s response to altruistic giving. The researchers found that the same reward center of the brain activated by food and sex is also activated by being rewarded and donating money. When the participants in the study opted to donate their share instead of accept the allotted money, an additional part of the brain was activated, the part related to forming relationships and bonding. The researchers concluded that instead of decreasing selfish impulses, altruism was related to pleasure sensors in the brain. That is, instead of simply suppressing someone’s desire to accept money in order for them to want to donate, the act of donating itself was rewarding.

That being said, other research points

to the theory that human beings come equipped with emotions that aid and encourage kind actions. Feelings such as guilt, shame, and most importantly empathy have a strong hand in our helping behavior. Empathy refers to the ability to understand and, in a sense, feel what someone else is feeling; to walk a mile in their shoes and see from their point of view. When we empathize with someone else we can then sympathize for them, and care about their welfare. Greater empathizing ability begets greater potential for altruism. Seeing someone in need can lead to feelings of guilt, and in order to relieve such feelings, we do what we can to help that individual. Failure to help may then lead to lingering feelings of shame.

We have all seen the television commercials showing children in need in third world countries. The commercials relay the story about the lack of basic necessities and tragic conditions the child is living in. The spokesman then tells you that for less than a dollar a day you can vastly improve the child’s life. The first time you see the commercial you may feel pangs of guilt and a drive to help. When you don’t, the next time you see it may lead to feelings of shame. There are countless theories as to what motivates people to perform acts of kindness. Almost every aspect of psychology has their own perspective in explaining the phenomenon. Other scientific areas including neuroscientists, evolutionary

biologists and sociologists, have also extensively examined what factors contribute to kindness. Many explanations exist regarding why people sacrifice their time, money, or even their lives to help others.

The Free Hugs Campaign and The Kindness Offensive are two examples among the many, in which people go above and beyond to help total strangers practice kindness. Whether people practice acts of kindness to alleviate negative feelings such as guilt and shame, or due to a pure drive to help is still being debated. Yet, despite the vast array of theories and explanations, people still defy the bounds of the proposed logic with their acts of kindness. Without finding the precise answers as to why, it’s nice to assume people can find it in their hearts to be kind.



images courtesy of “Free Hugs Campaign International” group on Flickr.com



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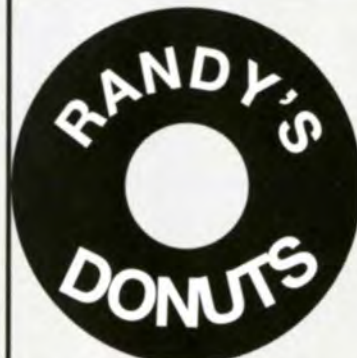


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GRADUATING ARTIST/ PERFORMER?

**PURSUE YOUR
DREAM CAREER**

Words: Kirk Johnson
Cover Illustration and words: Rob Byrd

“So, what’s next for you?” Approaching graduation, I will hear this phrase roughly 10,000 times. It’s usually an aunt or uncle, a parent of a friend or a friend of my parents’. They mean well. They’re just making conversation, really. My post-college situation (also described as stepping into the ‘real world’) has little effect on them. They’ve been through it already. Now they have 401Ks and retirement plans, and the worries of being a recent college graduate have since slipped from their minds. Regardless of whether my answer is “Harvard Law School” or “mowing lawns,” they’ll respond with a witty comment, a chuckle and a pat on the back – not realizing they may have just triggered an – ‘Oh crap! I’m graduating in two months, and I still don’t have a job!’ – uncontrollable, nervous fit.

Junior and senior undergraduate students are constantly being told that

doors are opening for educated individuals, and that things are looking up. And, sure, in this economy, one can still easily find work after college. It’s all about diligence, perseverance, and a deep, passionate longing to... flip hamburgers. Obviously, the tricky part in all of this is finding the work one wants, not the day-to-day drudgery of a job purely held to pay the bills, but a job that you’re excited about going back to – even on a Sunday night. Some people in this world would love nothing more than to have a desk job. They want the coffeemaker, the water cooler, the office party, the picture of the family tacked up in the semi-permanent cubicle, the type of existence where the highlight of the day is 5:00 p.m., sharp. These people are insane.

OK, so maybe they’re not actually insane, but from the perspective of your typical arts major, these individuals must be a little unhinged to enjoy being

‘chained to a desk’. In fact, for many musicians, theatre artists, painters, sculptors, etc., that hunk of particleboard and stainless steel is a nightmare. To be fair, it’s nothing against the desk itself, just what it represents. Being a graduating Humanities and Fine Arts major myself, I wanted to find out if I was alone in this perspective on leaving college to enter the big, scary ‘real world.’ As it turns out, I am most certainly not. Recently, I met with three Humanities and Fine Arts majors who will be alumni of Coastal Carolina University after the Spring 2009 semester. Caroline Cuseo, Rob Byrd and Sarah Abushakra represent three of majors from the Art Departments at CCU – theatre, visual arts and music, respectively. We all recently met in the café attached to Kimbel Library and had a little chat.

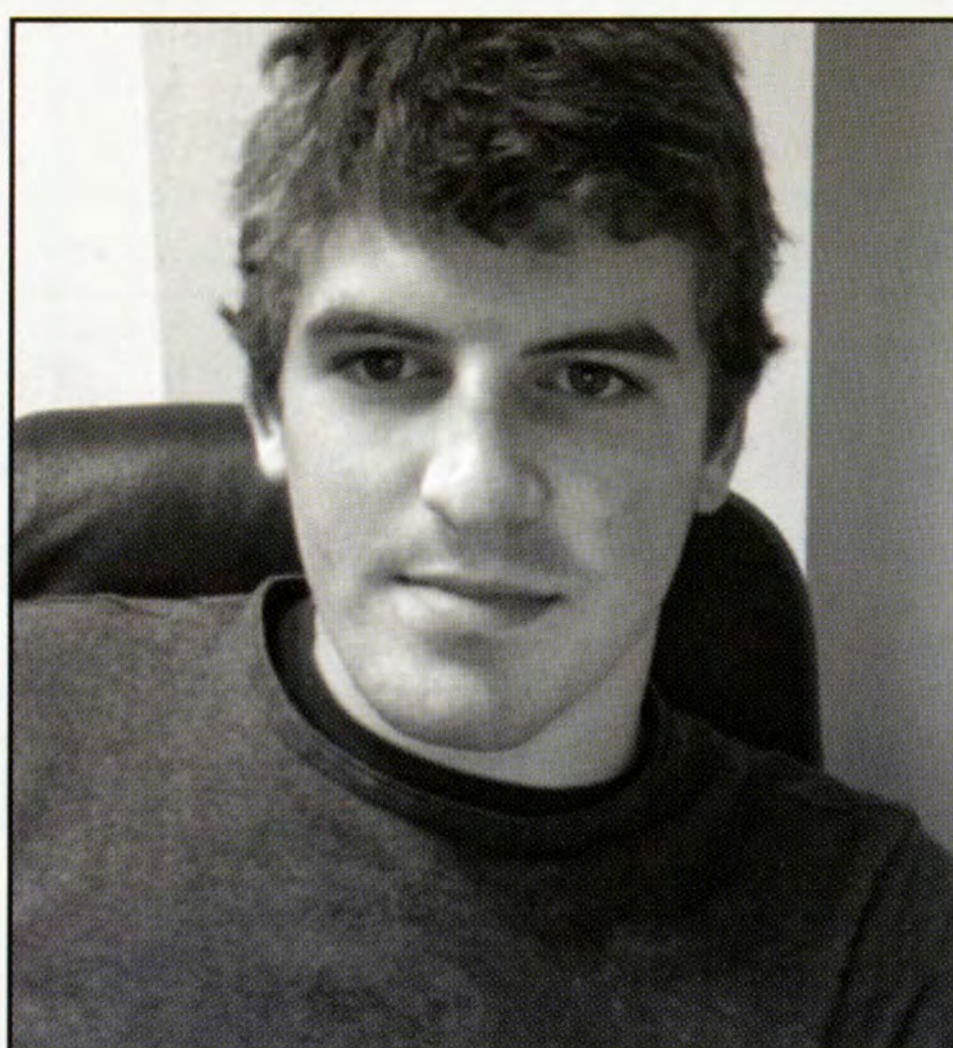
The first thing I wanted to know was how often they got the whole ‘What’s next?’ routine from family, friends and/



Sarah Abushakra
Age: 22
Hometown: Calabash, N.C.
Major: Music

After Graduating: Hoping to move directly into the graduate program at UNC- Greensboro.

Overall Goal: To work as an accompanist for vocalists and instrumentalists in a school or church setting.



Rob Byrd
Age: 22
Hometown: Cincinnati, Ohio
Major: Art Studio

After Graduating: Attending the School of the Art Institute in Chicago, Ill. for Visual Communications MFA program.

Overall Goal: To be a creative director of a visual communications firm in Chicago, possibly teach on a university level.



Caroline Cuseo
Age: 23
Hometown: Myrtle Beach
Major: Musical Theatre

After Graduating: Performing at the Papermill Theatre in Lincoln, NH until September, after that, who knows?

Overall Goal: To be a working musical theatre artist, and pay the bills too.

or acquaintances. Caroline exclaimed through laughter, "Oh, my god. Everyday someone asks me!" Sarah agreed. "How do you feel when someone brings that up?" I queried. Sarah seemed a little wistful about leaving, "[I'm] excited to experience new things but sad to go."

Rob replied, "I'm really excited about going to grad school in Chicago next year, to do what I love." Caroline replied, "If you had asked me last year – no big deal, but now it's scary. It's all so open-ended." I knew exactly what she meant. It's strange to be leaving the world of education. I guess it was all just so easy before. All you had to do was make it from kindergarten to first grade; first grade to second; then, to third, fourth and fifth; elementary school to middle; middle to high, and high school to college... What comes after college?

This is Caroline's point exactly; it can feel like one has run out of milestones.

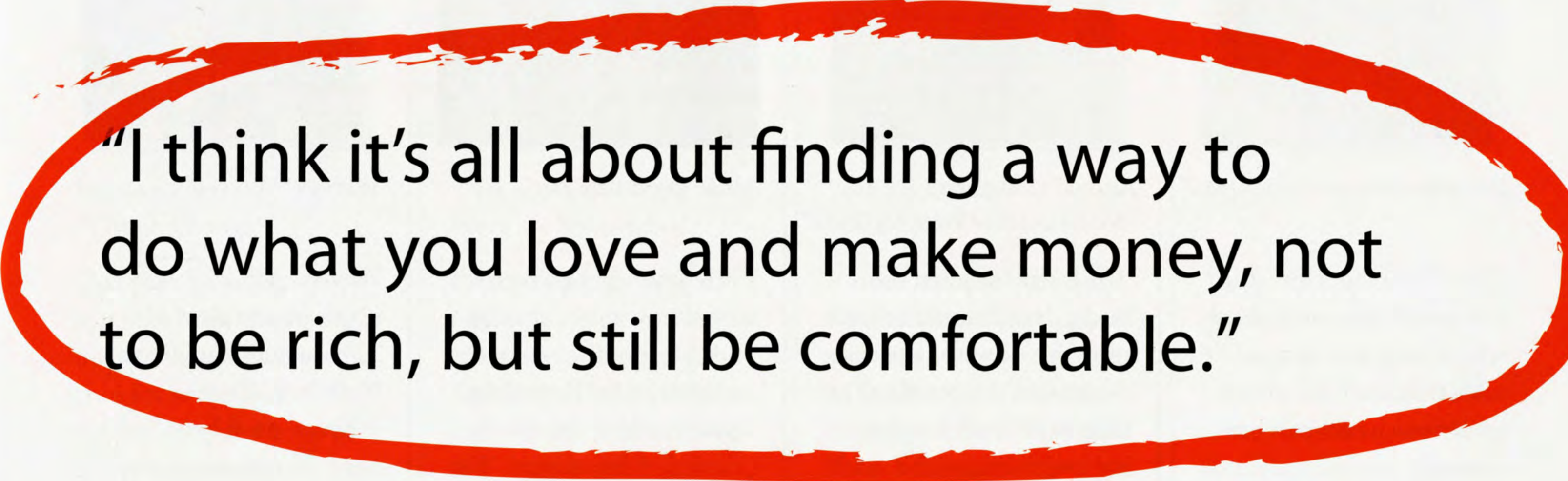
slightly more uneasy about her distant theatre future, "I only have short contracts, and I'll have no idea where I'm going [when they've ended]. Audiences are down. People just don't have the money to spend on entertainment."

Speaking of money, sometimes we all must suck it up and find a job that pays the bills. This may not be a 'furthering my career,' 'pursuing my dreams' or 'following my heart' sort of position, but it's one that supplies a steady income. There are thousands of people across the nation yet to move on from those 'temporary' takings. These people are a major reason capitalism even works. Take the service industry, for example. Where would we get our waiters, waitresses, bartenders or assistant managers if not for a constant flow of unfulfilled dreams? Although, there is nothing wrong with doing what one must to support his or herself, but it is important also to never lose sight of

their time and energy to something other than the skills they've worked so hard to refine and the education they've finally come to earn.

Caroline wasn't opposed to being a 'starving artist.' She says, "Having a fulfilling job is more important than one that pays a lot of money." When asked about sacrificing comfort for her art, Sarah said, "I don't know; I like to eat." This got a laugh from the group. Rob replied: "The goal is to find a balance between doing what you love and being comfortable." Sarah agreed with Rob, "You have to find balance."

I agree with them in that balance is necessary. Practicing your art is great and all, but not if you're living in a cardboard box. There are people in this world who are so driven that they are more than willing to be the said starving artist,



"I think it's all about finding a way to do what you love and make money, not to be rich, but still be comfortable."

Another issue that is pressing for any soon-to-be college graduate is the dreaded, seemingly endless, unstable economy. It's no secret that unemployment rates have skyrocketed, and people who've held long-term jobs are being laid off everyday. So, where does that leave us? Rob is not very worried, "Visual Communication is a growing field, the economy has certainly slowed it's growth, but there's always going to be jobs as long as one stays versatile and competitive." Caroline is

your goals.

"What is your nightmare job?" I asked my three fellow students. "Serving tables," Rob chimed in. "Working behind a desk, nine to five," said Caroline, "I'd feel like I sold my soul to the devil." Sarah's answer was quick and to the point: "Radio Shack." I don't believe I'm wrong when I say that no one at the table really had anything against any of these occupations. It's just really difficult for these students to imagine themselves devoting

Caroline among them. Of course, there are also the people who value their possessions, their creature comforts, their wealth or even their families' wellbeing, much more than the love of their career. There are people who dream of finding the middle ground, a way to live well and to love waking up every morning, even if it is to go to that temporary office job. And, There are people fortunate enough whose career, artistic and personal aspirations go hand in hand.



Featured

Dark Was the Night Charity Compilation

Charity albums all start wonderfully-- with good intentions and noble causes. Alas, they frequently end poorly, entering the world as collections of outtakes, abandoned ideas, and uninspired covers. Whether that matters is another thing: If you share Natalie Portman's interest in the value of microcredit, or any number of executive producers' hope for

more Darfur awareness or money for Doctors Without Borders, getting a decent Death Cab song or Afrobeat comp should simply be a bonus "thank you" for your minimal contribution.

For 20 years, the Red Hot Organization has been-- along with War Child, more on them in the upcoming days-- the gold standard for the charity album. Battling HIV and AIDS via pop culture, Red Hot came out of the gate with an eclectic winner, the Cole Porter covers record Red



Dirty Projectors "Bitte Orca"

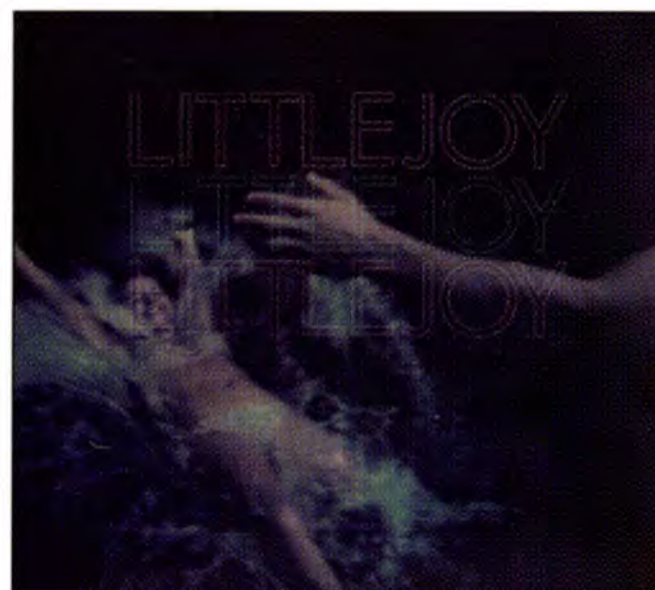
Dirty Projectors are an extremely dynamic band whose music is layered with rich textures, insane guitar work and rich harmonies.

Amber Coffman's vocals on "Stillness is the Move" is as funky as the Dirty Projector's have ventured. While it may not be as overwhelmingly as powerful as 2007's title track "Rise Above." "Stillness is the Move" rides a laid back rhythm following the direction of Amber's harmonizing vocals.



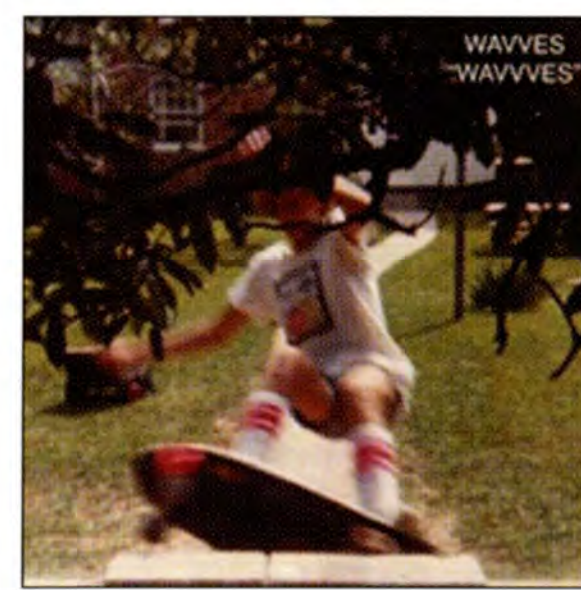
Animal Collective "Merriweather Post Pavillion"

The lyrics focus on the body, basic human connection, the need to take care of oneself, the puzzle of existence. Where the churning electronic sound, with its fizzes and echoes and underwater cast, brings to mind altered states and the confusing gap between the familiar and the strange, the words seem like a running commentary on the essential mystery of being alive.



Little Joy "Little Joy"

Little Joy is not going to stop the world or change your life, but it's one of the sweetest, most listenable, consistently enjoyable records of the season. "No One's Better Sake" mixes things up a little, trying out a soused skank. "Keep Me in Mind" sounds a little like the Strokes if Julian Casablancas mellowed out and better carried a tune. "Unattainable" puts Shapiro's smoky, sleepy-eyed voice center stage.



Wavves "Wavves"

Wavves is the one-man noise-pop project of 22-year-old San Diegan Nathan Williams. Wavves' no-fi bent has been compared to No Age's. But, while those guys tend to reach far outside of their own feedback for spaces more expansive, Wavves' music feels more insular, self-contained, and unsettling. These aren't shouts from a house party, but from a solitary bedroom.

Hot + Blue (1990). Most of our readers are likely more familiar with their 1993 No Alternative disc, which collected tracks from Nirvana, Sonic Youth, Pavement, and others. Two decades later, they follow with Dark Was the Night, a collection of 31 new and exclusive songs from most of the heavy hitters of the NPR-friendly wing of indie music.

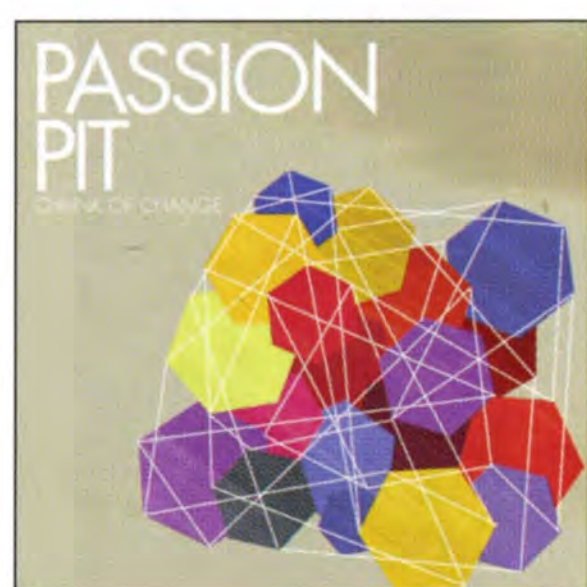
Produced by Red Hot, along with the National's Bryce and Aaron Dessner, the vast majority of the songs on this collection

are worth owning regardless of where the money is going. The first of the two CDs, in particular, is full of gems. David Byrne and Dirty Projectors keep their vocal affectations on the right side of awesome on "Knotty Pine"; Feist adeptly teams with Death Cab's Ben Gibbard on a cover of Vashti Bunyan's "Train Song" and later slow burns through the outstanding Grizzly Bear collaboration "Service Bell"; and both Yeasayer's nimble "Tightrope" and My Brightest Diamond's smoky version of "Feeling Good" are

eyebrow-raising lateral moves.

A few things that looked a bit too on-the-nose on paper turn out to work: Bon Iver, in the process of breaking away from the lazy "guy in a Wisconsin cabin" narrative, delivers a song about... a small town in Wisconsin; the Books, a half-cello, half-electronics duo, and José González, a Nick Drake-like singer-songwriter still best known for his covers, get together to do Nick Drake's "Cello Song"; Kronos Quartet boldly transform Blind Willie Johnson's

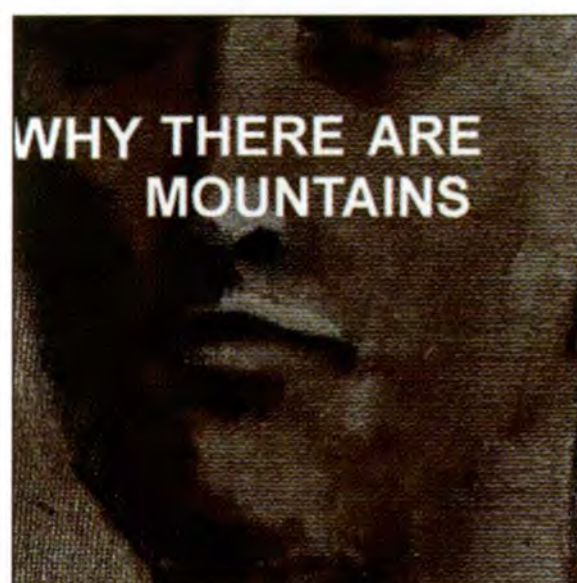
gut-wrenching, crucifixion-inspired 1927 blues moan "Dark Was the Night, Cold Was the Ground" (the track that gives the comp its name) into a chamber ensemble piece.



Passion Pit
"Chunk Change"

This past Valentine's Day, Michael Angelakos opted out of throwing down the coin for some chocolates, teddy bears, or a copy of Love Actually. A little on the late side, he instead recorded for his girlfriend the lion's share of the lap-pop serenade, "Chunk of Change."

Given the notion that Angelakos initially expected just one person to really listen, the record benefits heavily from that which a lot of us look for in sound or elsewhere: emotional authenticity.



Cymbals Eat Guitars "Why there are Mountains"

Plenty of bands want to take you higher and even more are looking to get you down, but it's increasingly rare to find a record that sounds good with a AAA guidebook and a few hours to get to God knows where, as long as it's somewhere else.

What's most admirable about this sophisticated self-released debut is "Cymbals Eat Guitars'" willingness to think big with gestures that shouldn't fly in the hands of a young band, instrumentally or thematically.



Yeah Yeah Yeah's
"It's Blitz!"

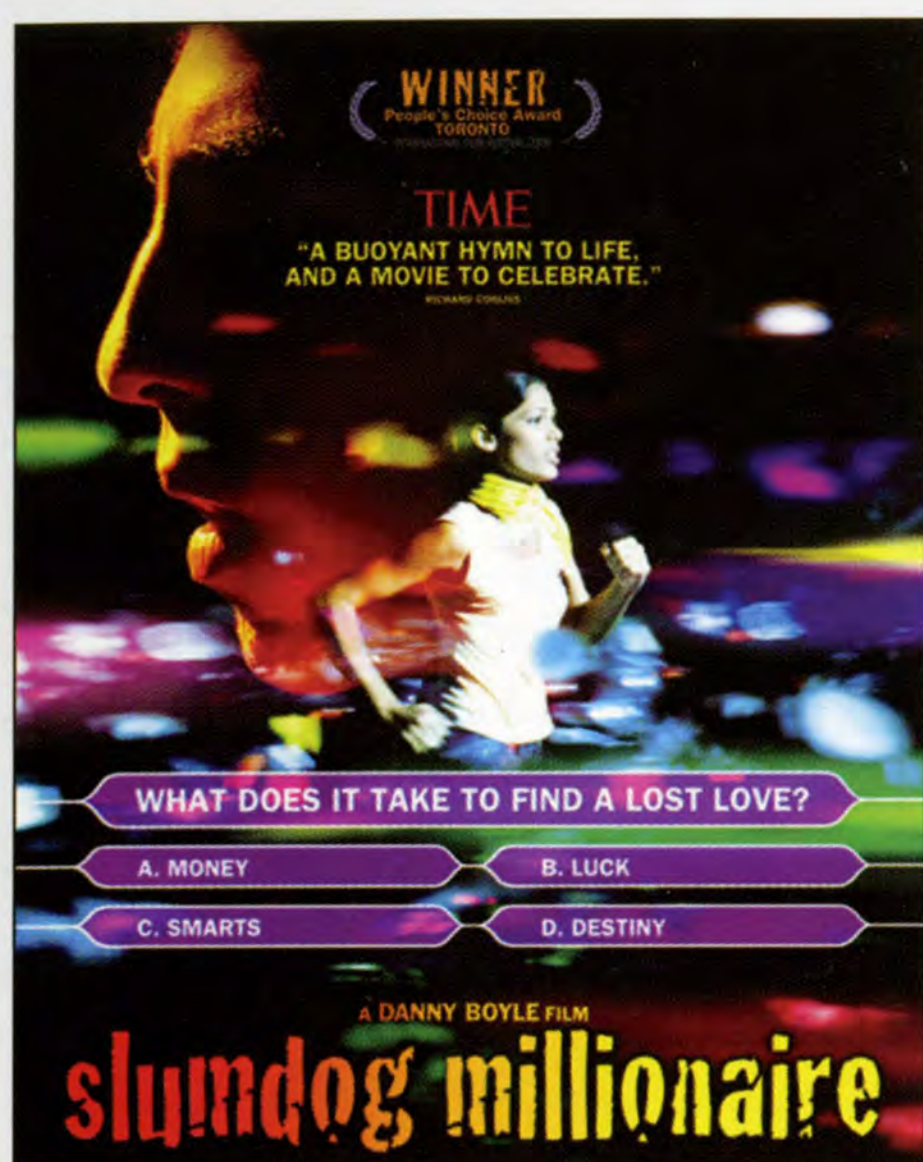
A clean, simple image of a woman's hand bursting an egg-- it's no less powerful an indication of feminine strength and defiance than Fever's abrasive scrawl, yet it's miles and miles more subversive. It's also a fitting symbol for its music, taking familiar shapes and tools and recombining them in ways that are bracing and unexpected.



Lykke Li "Youth Novels"

The careful, spartan production-- by Bjorn Yttling of Peter Björn and John-- asks listeners to do more work than most pop records allow for. At its frequent best, the record manages to sketch out widescreen hit songs with a remarkable economy of means

With so many surprises in the arrangements, you might overlook what a strength Li herself is and how well she unifies Youth Novels' scattershot imagination.



Featured

Slumdog Millionaire

After hearing the high praises of movie critics and even after watching the trailer, one might ask, 'What is Slumdog Millionaire even about?' and 'How did it win the Oscar for Movie of the Year?' If you've not yet seen the film, do yourself a favor and experience what all the hype is about, there is a good chance you will not easily be disappointed. It is appealing, not only in its moving East meets West, Postmodern romantic plot, but tone and visual

direction displayed by director Danny Boyle, who brought us hit movies such as 28 Days Later, The Beach, and Trainspotting.

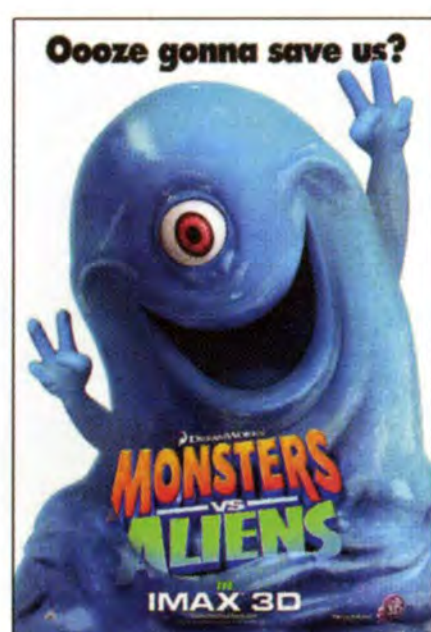
The story of Slumdog Millionaire is of Jamal, an uneducated 18-year-old from the slums of Mumbai, India who wins his way to the top of his country's version of 'Who Wants to be a Millionaire.' Thinking it is impossible for Jamal to do as well as



I Love You Man

Almost unexpectedly, I Love You Man is the perfect balance of buddy flick and romantic comedy. In this hilarious, yet touching 'bromance,' newly engaged Peter Klaven (Paul Rudd) is in quick search of some guy friends, a Best Man, for his wedding party after realizing that he has always been a "girlfriend guy."

Loaded heartfelt and laugh-out-loud moments I Love You Man is a perfect film for a date. In general, the film has great potential for good laughs with good friends.



Monsters Vs. Aliens

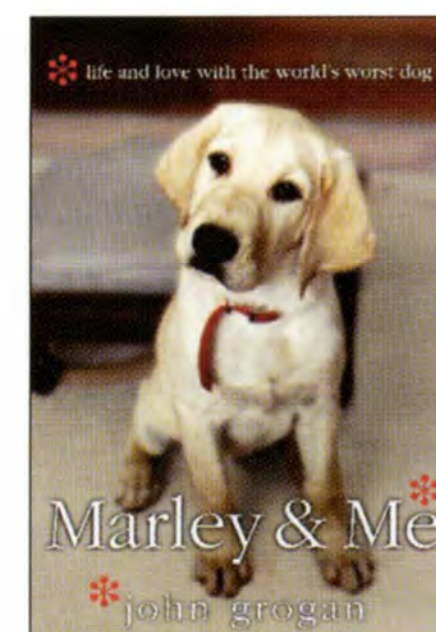
This new animated feature from DreamWorks, in stunning 3D, does not disappoint. Taking a modern comedic stab at the classic sci-fi genre, Monsters vs. Aliens is fun for all ages.

Beautiful animation carries this fun and well-written story. With loads of laughs throughout, Monsters vs. Aliens is an animated film you won't want to miss.



Friday the 13th

These days it is safe to say that the 'Horror Remake' is nearing its own genre. With most not even coming close to the ideas presented (and down-right magic displayed) in the originals, they are often looked past. However, the recent re-boot, if you will, of Friday the 13th seems different. Enough like the originals to get that good ol' Friday feelin', yet fresh with things we have never before been shown gives the series a 'brand new' feel.



Marley & Me

The dramatic-comedy Marley and Me proves to be a hit among more than just pet owners and animal lovers. Based on the book of the same title, Marley and Me is the autobiographical story of Tom Grogan (played by Owen Wilson) and his beloved "worst dog ever," Marley. Being essentially a romantic comedy, the film has great humor and plenty of laugh-out-loud moments. However, it changes gears, almost effortlessly, to a moving drama with the possibility of some cry-out-loud moments as well.

he has on the show, the TV producers and law enforcement interrogate his success. They essentially accuse him of cheating. The story then takes off as we learn the background of young Jamal and how he has come to know the answers through his own life experience. He also explains in this tale why he even wanted to be on the 'Millionaire' show, leading the view into a love story that is sure to please. Question by question, the audience of this movie is

drawn deeper into his life and deeper into the story of the said slumdog millionaire.

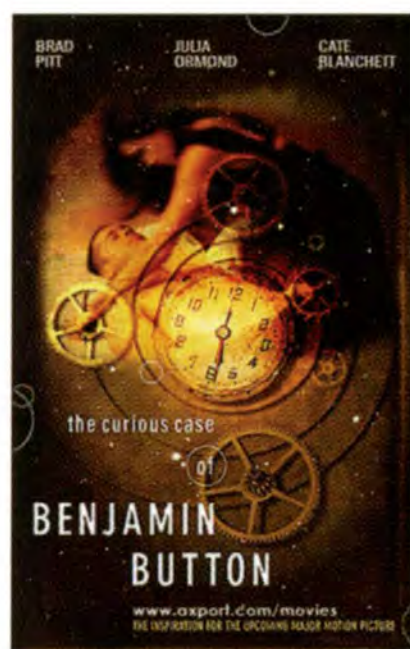
Winning eight out of ten Academy Awards is rightly earned by this film adaptation of the book titled Q & A by Indian author Vikas Swarup. The tale of a boy's hard life growing up and his ability to chase destiny with the one he loves is played out fantastically and pulls at you from start to finish. Slumdog comes

equipped with superb direction, creative story telling, superb acting and everything in between and beyond. This is a must see for general fans of filmmaking or those just looking to enjoy a good coming-of-age tale, a story about a man's life, his hardships and his ability to follow what he loves.



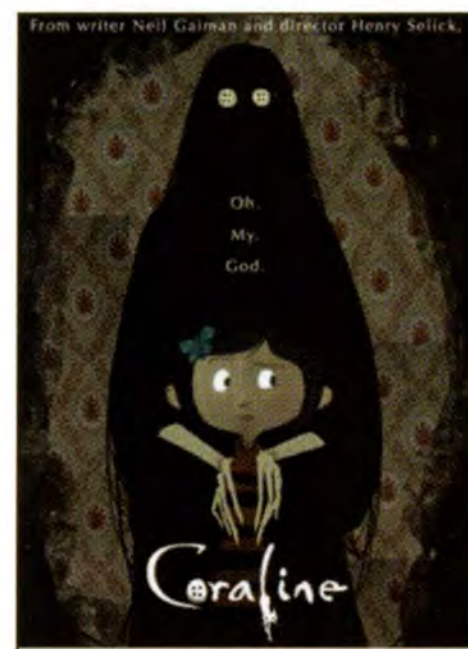
Australia

Poised to be an old fashion Hollywood-style epic, Australia is told beautifully with stunning visuals, but its length, nearing 3-hour mark, may cause its viewers a literal pain in the rear. Set in the early years of WWII, the story tells of the English Lady Ashley (played by Nicole Kidman) and her recruitment of an Australian stockman named Drover (Hugh Jackman) to help drive her newly inherited cattle across the rugged outback in order to sell them to the British Army.



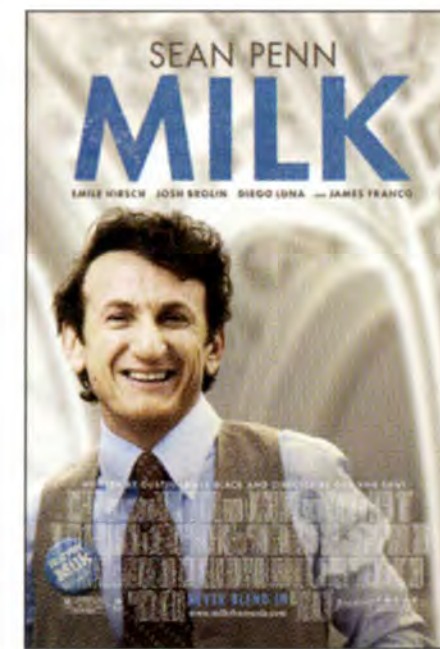
Benjamin Button

The story of Benjamin Button, beginning in 1918, tells of a man who is born with all the signs of an elderly man headed to the grave. As Benjamin grows, he ages in reverse. Based on a short story of the same title written by F. Scott Fitzgerald, it is impressive to see how a short story can translate into a long and beautifully done feature film. Topnotch visuals, an interesting adapted storyline, excellent editing and cinematography lead to a well-deserved Oscar nomination for Best Picture.



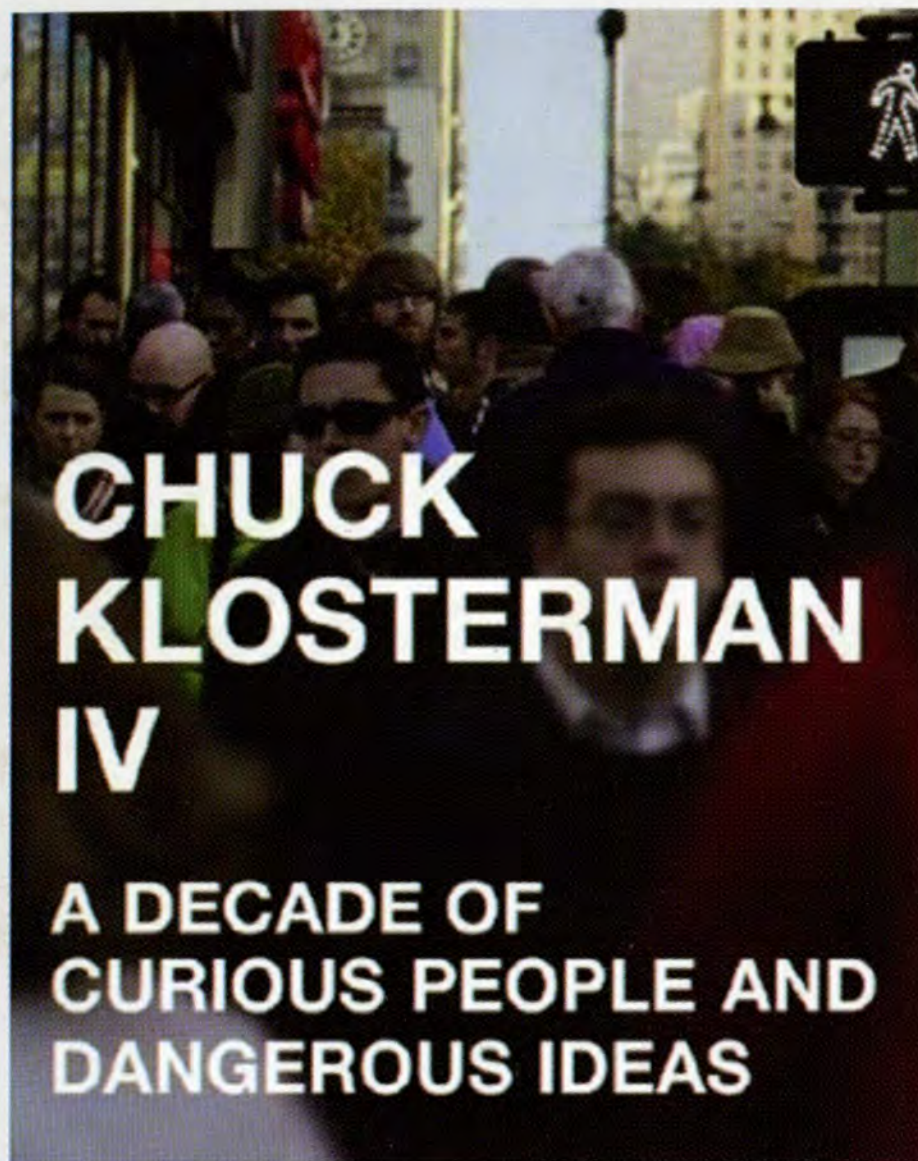
Coraline

This is a breath of fresh air as far as animated movies are concerned. With its state-of-the-art digital medium, Coraline highly surpasses the 'kiddie movie' expectations and turns out to be a very enjoyable experience for both kids and adults alike. From the same crowd that worked on Tim Burton's Nightmare before Christmas, a darker tone is almost anticipated for this film. Coraline tells the story of the new girl in a rural neighborhood who is often ignored by her geeky, workaholic folks.



Milk

With a star-studded cast including Oscar-winner Sean Penn (Best Lead Actor 2009) at his Milk certainly has what it takes for movie greatness. The film tells the true story of activist turned politician Harvey Milk (Penn), California's first openly gay man to be elected in public office (as a member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors). The movie runs through the hardships of homosexuality in the public eye, especially in schools in the time of the 1970s.



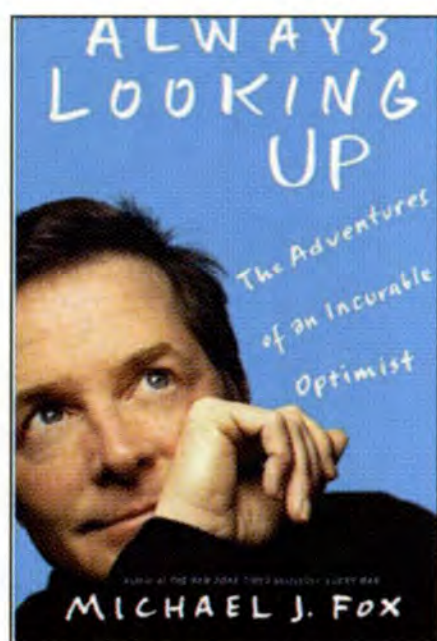
Featured

A Decade of Curious People and Dangerous Ideas

The book is divided into three sections: Things That Are True, which comprises interviews & journalism; Things That Might Be True, which is Chuck's brand of opinion and cultural comment; and Things That Aren't True, which is one short story - his first published fiction, in fact.

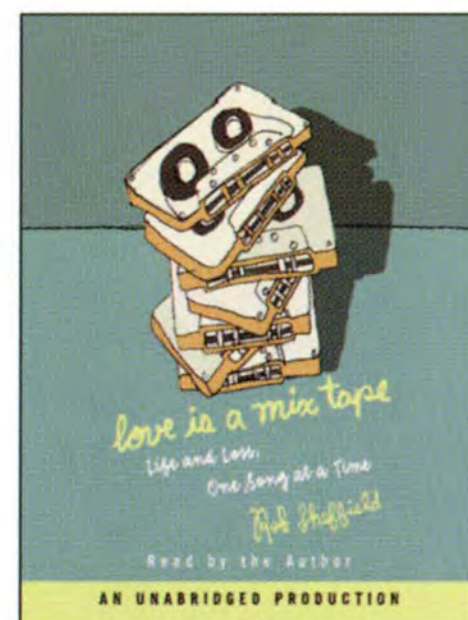
As with all his other books, the good stuff is at the start. There are great celebrity pieces - a surprisingly incisive bit about

Britney Spears (hey, if anyone could explain her, it'd be Chuck), and a great gab with Bono, another musician I could care less about, but who, here, is cleverly distilled, and yet remains almost alien. There's a great one-by-one interview with Radiohead, who can be a prickly bunch, and a rather touching piece with Jeff Tweedy, who's had enough problems to last two lifetimes but finds time to talk to Chuck. In his first book, Klosterman talks



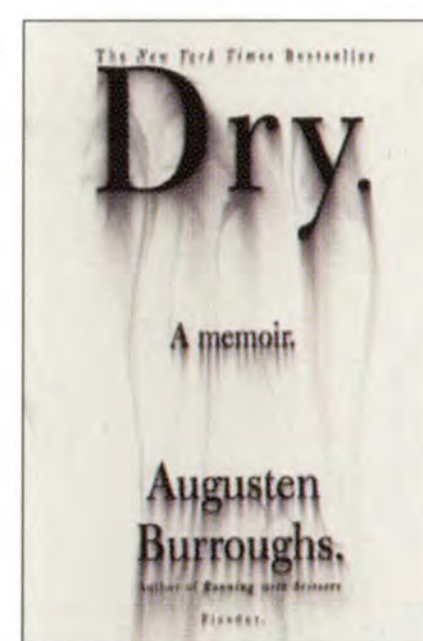
Always Looking Up

Always Looking Up is a memoir of this last decade, told through the critical themes of Michael's life: work, politics, faith, and family. The book is a journey of self-discovery and reinvention, and a testament to the consolations that protect him from the ravages of Parkinson's. With the humor and wit that captivated fans of his first book, *Lucky Man*, Michael describes how he became a happier, more satisfied person by recognizing the gifts of everyday life.



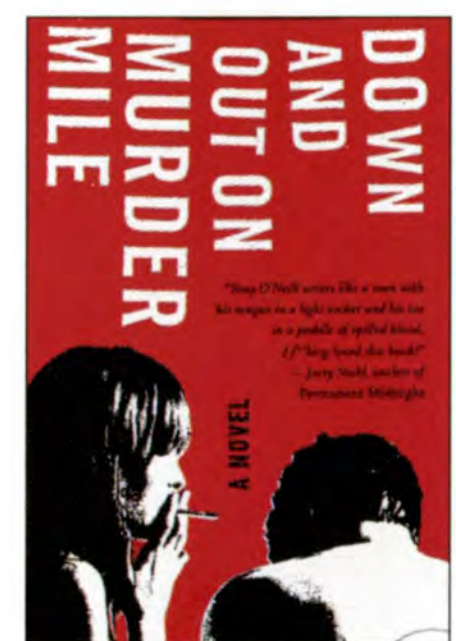
Love is a Mix Tape

A celebratory eulogy for life in "the decade of Nirvana," rock critic Sheffield's captivating memoir uses 22 "mix tapes" to describe his being "tangled up" in the "noisy, juicy, sparkly life" of his wife, Renee, from the time they met in 1989 to her sudden death from a pulmonary embolism in 1997. Each chapter begins with song titles from the couple's myriad mixes—"Tapes for making out, tapes for dancing, tapes for falling asleep"—and uses them to describe a beautiful love story.



Dry

From the bestselling author of *Running with Scissors* comes *Dry*—the hilarious, moving, and no less bizarre account of what happened next. You may not know it, but you've met Augusten Burroughs. You've seen him on the street, in bars, on the subway, at restaurants: a twenty-something guy, nice suit, works in advertising; and, he is suffering severely from alcohol addiction. *Dry* reveals Burroughs' ups and downs on the long road to recovery.



Down and Out on Murder Mile

Novelist O'Neill, a recovered heroin addict and lapsed rocker, draws on his experiences for this fast-paced, compulsively readable portrait of a young would-be rocker junkie. After most of his belongings are repossessed and his wife Susan admits to embezzling thousands of dollars from her company to support their habit, the unnamed narrator and his wife flee Los Angeles for his former home in England. There, he tries frantically to plug back into the London drug and music scenes and struggles to get clean.

frankly about how celebrity writing is obvious bullshit because one simply cannot reduce a human being to a four-page puff piece, and if one could, one would need a lot more than a thirty-minute phone interview to work from. Personally, I think Chuck's taken his own lesson to heart and it now forms the core of his true talent, which is deconstructing and analysing the layers of myth that accrete around celebrity, particularly that of musicians.

He seems to manage to separate the fame from the person sufficiently to analyse the two individual entities, and the way the one affects the other, yet without trying to nail jelly to a wall, ie spotlight the real shivering nude person beneath the glamour, who is rarely what an honest reader wants to see.

The rest of this is more of the same, so I won't rewrite my last review. It's a good

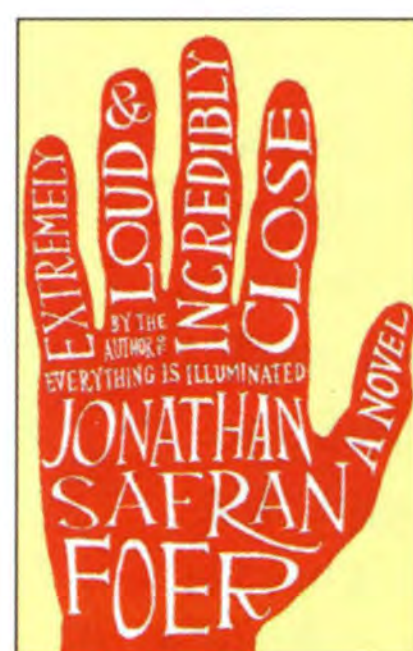
read when you're in a bar, (as is, frequently, Chuck,) or when he's talking about something you're interested in, (movies, music, television, sport,) but most of it is nothing more nor less that one reasonably smart man's opinion about some fairly inconsequential bollocks. On the other hand, some of our greatest artistic geni took the very trivial very seriously, so maybe Chuck's ahead of the curve after all.

-Publishers Weekly



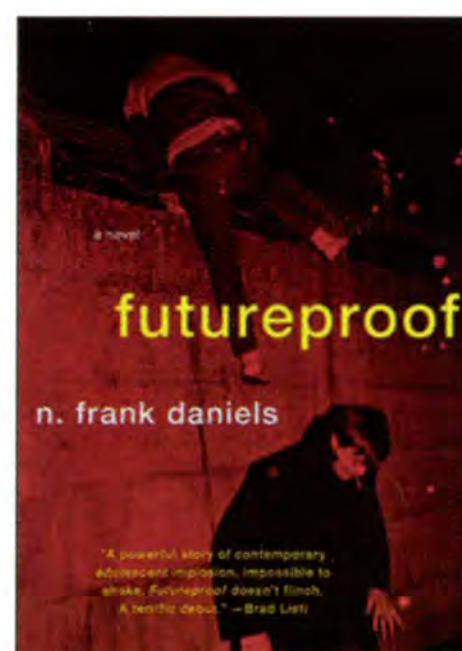
The Host

Stephenie Meyer, creator of the phenomenal teen-vamp *Twilight* series, takes paranormal romance into alien territory in her first adult novel. Those wary of sci-fi or teen angst will be pleasantly surprised by this mature and imaginative thriller, propelled by equal parts action and emotion. A species of altruistic parasites has peacefully assumed control of the minds and bodies of most humans, but feisty Melanie Stryder won't surrender her mind to the alien soul called Wanderer.



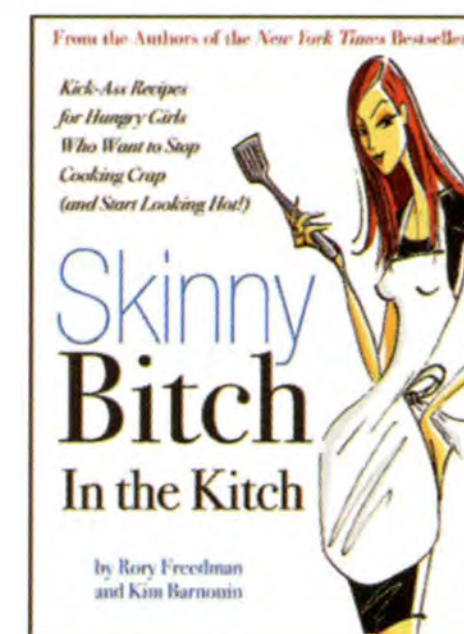
Extremely Loud & Incredibly Close

Oskar Schell, hero of this brilliant follow-up to Foer's bestselling *Everything Is Illuminated*, is a nine-year-old amateur inventor, jewelry designer, astrophysicist, tambourine player and pacifist. Like the second-language narrator of *Illuminated*, as he searches New York for the lock that matches a mysterious key left by his father when he was killed in the September 11 attacks, a quest that intertwines with the story of his grandparents, whose lives were blighted by the firebombing of Dresden.



Futureproof

Daniels's resolutely grim portrayal of the unclassified the oversimplified the target market the failing demographic early to mid '90s first surfaced on Myspace and became something of a self-published hit. The loosely autobiographical narrative follows the tormented young Luke, a white kid with dreads who clings to a tattered copy of *Black Boy* throughout his passage from grungy teen to father of a very fragile, sick little boy.



Skinny Bitch in the Kitchen

Quit your bitching-they've heard you already! You read *Skinny Bitch* and it totally rocked your world. Now you want to know, "What can I cook that's good for me, but doesn't taste like crap?" Well, lucky for you, the Bitches are on the case.



**A closer look into the
overuse and abuse of our
planet's supposedly most
bountiful resource.**

Words ~ Bob Crimian and Cari Zourdos

Consider your morning routine. What do you do to start your day? When each of us woke up this morning, we brushed our teeth, flushed the toilet, took a shower, drank a glass of water, washed last night's dishes and ate our scrambled eggs. Then, we got in the car and drove to class. By that time, each of us had already put at least 70 gallons of water to use. That means in the span of a couple hours, we used more water than one person in Mozambique, Africa uses in one month. This is outrageous and slightly sickening. Not only do we ingest water, it is used to produce basically everything we consume such as clothing, furniture, transportation and all the plastic in the world.

Aside from that, 60 percent of all water on the Earth is used for irrigation of crops, but only half of that water actually makes it to the plant. Often, an irrigation system may unintentionally spray water straight up into the air, and much of it is immediately evaporated into the atmosphere. This means that nearly a third of the water on the planet never goes where

it is intended—it is instead wasted into runoff or rain and lost to use again. The water that does go to irrigation is used in incredible quantities. Take, for example, a cotton shirt: 766 gallons of water are used to grow enough cotton to make one shirt. And the eggs we ate for breakfast? It took nearly a gallon just to feed the chickens enough to produce them. According to the Pacific Institute, an eco-friendly urban planning company, every liter of bottled water produced requires two more liters to make its packaging. However, if you buy an aluminum water bottle (found almost everywhere these days, even the campus bookstore), you can fill and refill to your heart's content while greatly reducing your ecological footprint.

When you add up the country's overall consumption of resources, each person in the United States is using 660,000 gallons of water each year. The issue of over-consumption is downplayed when most documentaries claim 74 percent of this blue planet is made up of water. That statistic leads us to believe fresh water is an

entirely renewable resource we will never run out of. It's no wonder we can use 70 gallons of water in an hour without notice. In fact, fresh water is only 3 percent of all the water on the earth and furthermore, we only have access to a third of that. The amount of available fresh water seems even less when you realize that 1 billion people do not have access to potable (safe) water. Five million people worldwide die every year from drought or disease caused by water-borne illnesses.

The average American uses 42 million gallons of water in his or her lifetime. These staggering statistics show the real issues caused by our over-consumption of water. One reason for this over-consumption is that the average American only pays \$2 for every 1000 gallons of tap water. The fact that we take 40-gallon showers (instead of giving 40 malnourished people one gallon of fresh water) doesn't faze many people (but never ceases to rattle us). We wish there was an easy solution to "sharing the wealth." Even though there is no simple solution, there are ways

that you, the individual, can help conserve water so that less fortunate individuals have a chance to live their lives without worrying about water-borne illnesses. These tips are easy, inexpensive and they don't hinder our ability to have plenty of water. They may, however, require a bit of planning and foresight. In the long run, these tips will save water, save money and help us to reduce our consumption of water.

If you fix leaky faucets or plumbing joints around your home, you could save 20 gallons of water a day for every leak you fix. This is water that you are not using, but you are paying for it. Instead of listening to the irritating drip, tighten up the joint and rest easy. That is also 20 gallons a day that can go towards someone else who doesn't have easy access to potable water on a daily basis. The best way to check for a leaky toilet is to put 10 drops of food coloring (you pick the color) in the holding tank of your toilet. If you see food coloring in the toilet bowl the next time you flush, you have a leak in

wash your car. If you are not a fan of washing your own car, ask carwash owners if they recycle their washing water. If so, wash your car there to support their conservation procedures.

On the more domestic side, it seems like every house or apartment has a dishwasher in the kitchen. Dishwashers are a huge water waster, especially if you are only washing a couple dishes at one time. Do your best to only run full loads in the dishwasher because the same amount of water will be used whether five or 50 dishes are in the machine. The same goes for washing clothes. Run full loads in the washing machine so you are not using more water each time you have to wash your clothes. This can save anywhere from 300 to 800 gallons of water each month depending on how often you wash dishes and clothes.

Showers are a wonderful thing. Whether your day seemed like it would never end or you just finished your morning workout, showers tend to comfort and re-

watering plants. This can save an additional 200 to 300 gallons per month.

The truth? Water is an incredibly valuable source of life and happiness, but it is a limited resource that we are quickly depleting. As Benjamin Franklin said, "When the well is dry, we learn the worth of water." Many people around the world, about 1 billion, already know what it is like to have the well run dry. Sadly, Americans have become the "water hogs" of the world. We have the cleanest tap and well water on the planet, yet we are the leaders in drinking bottled water (and then we don't recycle the bottle, but we'll save that for a future article). Don't stop at just reading about conservation. There are ways in which you can reduce the amount of water you use and learn more about water preservation. By volunteering for environmental organizations, like the Waccamaw Riverkeeper® Program, you can not only learn more about water conservation, you will gain a better understanding and appreciation for the importance of water to every organism on Earth.

When the well is dry, we learn the worth of water.

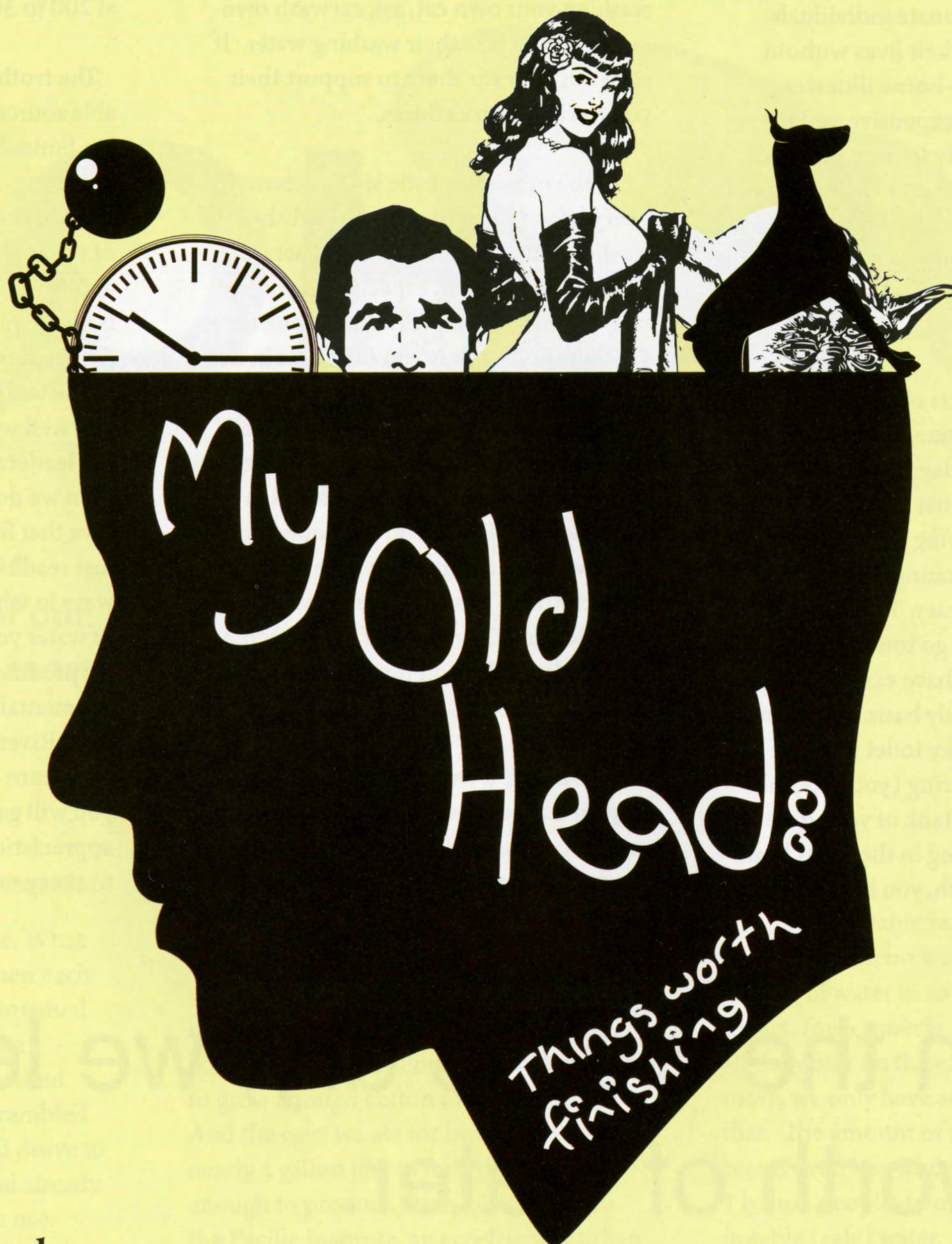
the seal between the tank and bowl. This piece is cheap to replace and can conserve even more water beyond the 20 gallons per day.

Part of being an American is the tradition of loving your car. People want them to look brand spanking new whenever they are driving up and down the highway, so they tend to wash them frequently. However, washing a car can use up over 200 gallons of water if done with a hose. Instead, fill a bucket with water and reuse that water for the entire wash. This will save about 150 gallons each time you

lax people. The reality is that many people in other parts of the world are not able to drink water while we are able to take 15 to 30 minute showers without a care of whether or not enough water will come out of your showerhead. By reducing your shower by one or two minutes, you can save an enormous amount of water (up to 700 gallons of water a month). And if you want to save even more water, here is a concept. While you are waiting for the your shower to get steaming hot, capture some the water that will otherwise go down the drain and use it for other activities like washing your dishes, your car, or

For more information on becoming part of the Waccamaw Riverkeeper® Program, see www.winyahivers.org or contact me (Bob) rlcrimia@coastal.edu to get involved with the program. Join the two of us as we begin to conserve water in our daily lives. In fact, join the rest of the Winyah Bay watershed as they work to building a mindset of water efficiency.

Editor's note: The information in this article was gathered from a number of organizational and government websites, including the World Wildlife Federation and the Environmental Protection Agency.



How a non-traditional student returning to college after 15 years manages both a household and her homework.

Words ~ Lara Keough

The alarm clock's sudden, honking noise interrupts my warm utopia of down and cotton and startles a muffled curse from my husband. The clock is on his side of the bed, and he brings his fist down on the snooze button once; again 9 minutes later, and again until my gentle resolve melts

into a hot flash and I am forced to finally get out of bed to turn the thing off.

The hardwood and tile floors of our old house are ice-cold and I am fully awake by the time I reach my 7-year-old son's room. It is too early for even his best pal Daisy

the dog to lift her head from the pillow. Knowing he is too cool to be doted on when awake, especially in public, I take advantage of his sleeping vulnerability and kiss his cheeks. This is the nice preliminary wake-up call that precedes the more insistent "Get a move on! I'm not going to

be late because you're an insomniac like your dad! Teeth, hair, shoes and in the living room in 10 minutes. Chop-chop!" He answers with our routined mantra, "Got it. Get it. Keep it. Good!"

After eight weeks of this frantic morning ritual, he is undaunted by my shouting or the erratic way I walk from room to room, murmuring to myself "Don't forget glasses" and "Oh, my god, this house is a mess!" He adds his own voice to the ones in my head, chatting incessantly about Star Wars, recess, passing gas in class, dirt bikes and pizza. "Did I tell you Books-A-Million has that chapter book I want?" he goes on until finally I interject, "Oh, my god. Honey, please don't talk any more until we get in the car." It is amazing I haven't subconsciously identified the Father of American Literature as Obi-Wan Kenobi.

This chaos, anxiety and impatience is born out of my decision to return to Coastal Carolina University for yet another full-time semester which I intend to be my last, come Hell or high tuition.

truth was, my sole ambition at that time was to nurture my child. In the process, I had readily set myself aside, like a book I had started but put back on the shelf for another more receptive time. Going back to school, albeit a slow process of only a class or two at a time, seemed like the perfect remedy: I could finish what I started, satisfy my family's expectations, reassure my husband that I would one day alleviate some of his burden and get out of the house to be among other adults.

I didn't anticipate that I would love, absolutely relish, being back in the classroom. Nor, did I expect that what I consider wicked 'bad karma' to latch onto the dream, turning motivation into frustration and twisting optimism into psychotic, paranoid doubt.

From the first semester onward, illness swung like a giant pendulum from my son, to me and back to my son again. Typically, the fever, fainting or vomiting reached its peak the evening before the deadline for a major paper or exam. In the beginning, it seemed to be a simple

gus like a skinny-necked calf... It is not a feeling conducive to the careful analysis of early American poetry and prose, to say the least. The doctor's orders were to stay away from school for at least 10 days, unless I wanted to infect the entire English department, or worse.

Just in time for midterms during the second semester, I found myself at the Medical University of South Carolina, helplessly horizontal on a narrow hospital bed with seven medical students hovering over me, prepared to watch and, perhaps, assist with the removal of at least one of my ovaries.

The third semester was true to form, and my son was hospitalized after four days of an unrelenting and dangerously high fever. His tonsils and giant adenoids were removed. Lying beside him in that hospital bed and thinking about the 4-page essay I had due in two days, I could have sworn I saw the devil of karma grinning and giggling in the corner shadows.

By this time, it had become clear through

More importantly though, it puts me in a place where I am able to derive from reading, writing and discussion, a sense of moving forward so intense and meaningful that I could weep with joy over it.

This return to CCU, which was nearly two decades after my initial enrollment in 1989, began in 2002. I was 34 years old and had begun to hear voices, my father's and my own, reproaching me for my apparent lack of professional ambition. The

matter of daycare's germs and infections being passed from child to mother. My son contracted the highly contagious Rota virus and gave it to me. This particular infection makes you feel like the Grim Reaper is playing cowboy inside of you, using your intestines to lasso your esopha-

numerous blood tests, EKGs and MRIs, that my body was faltering and the word "Lupus" slipped hesitantly from the doctor's lips. Whether or not the diagnosis, one that could take years to substantiate, was correct became a mute point as my heart, spine and neck set onto a gradual

path of systemic deterioration. This would become the most significant hurdle, physically and financially, in completing that coveted Bachelor's degree. However, I constantly am reminding myself of the larger obstacles other students must often overcome during their secondary education. This consideration has continued to help me move on in my college career.

Before making the initial plunge in 2002, I had wondered how it would feel to be the 'older lady' in class. I wondered if anyone would even notice or care. What I didn't consider was how much older I was. In fact, I'm closer in age to most professors. My friends, with whom I share wine and mutual respect, are middle-aged. At first, I was not prepared for the dynamics of student and teacher, in this context, at this age. I was not then, nor am I now, their peer. But, time is closing the gap between where they are and where I am, in life outside this academic fortress. This presents a tall challenge for my capacity for tolerance when the professor is condescending, chauvinistic or silly. More importantly though, it puts me in a place where I am able to derive from reading, writing and discussion, a sense of moving forward so intense and meaningful that I could weep with joy over it.

With each semester's registration deadline looming above my already cluttered head, I convince myself it will be okay. No matter the level of stress and frustration I reached the previous semester, I continue to be excited about the next classes, the books and the dialogue, the moving forward of it all. There is this crazy way I have of confronting change. When I know something big is coming up, like company coming for Christmas, a new job or a full-time semester at CCU, I mentally plan how I am going to prepare my house and yard for the transition. I am neurotic in my conviction that if I have all my towels lined up on the bathroom shelf and the flowerbeds pruned and fertilized, the occasion will pass by with little to no bumps. Not only are these preoccupations stress inducing, but also the plan never comes to pass.

I could have quit. I could have kept my warm, cozy socks on and watched French movies with English subtitles all day. I could have made egg salad and bacon sandwiches packed into an Igloo cooler with grape Kool-aid and Cheez-its and floated around a chlorinated lazy river, every day. I didn't want to then, and I don't now. I'm like a bloody, battered wrestler coming out of the corner, swaggering one-eyed back into the center of the ring, daring that devil to knock me out. I used to go at this higher education thing because others, usually my parents, were pushing me to stick to the task until the finish. But now, older and indebted to myself, an inner resolve to stay on course helps me out of that warm bed early every morning. I will persevere through frustration, illness, time restrictions and even feeling out of place.

According to Antiphanes, "Everything yields to diligence." So, the dirty laundry overwhelms the square footage of floor space in nearly every room. Dust and dog hair have joined forces in the corners and under the entertainment center. Daisy,

the golden retriever, hasn't had a proper bath in weeks, hence the hairballs. And, the husband, suffering from neglect as only a man can, is spending long intervals of time staring at the blondes with deep cleavage and short skirts on Fox News.

The laundry will get done, eventually. Just as the floors and the dog will get cleaned in due time. The husband will have to be satisfied with the coffee his wife brews him in the morning and a wink from her as she heads out the door. And, most importantly, the son will know his mom finishes things worth finishing.

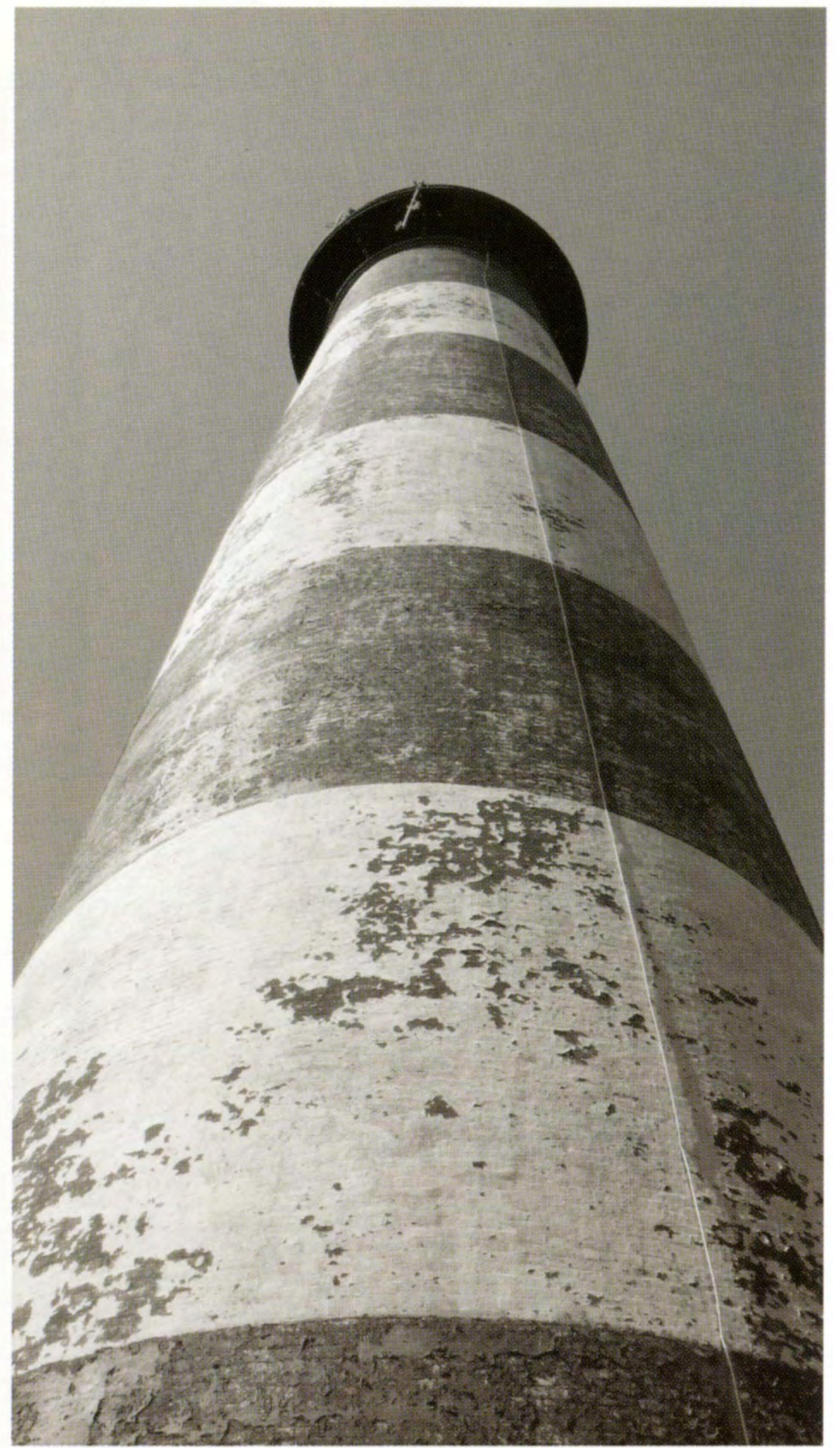




TIME & PLACE

a photo essay exploring the energy of various city and landscapes

Cover photo by Kyle Diorio. Charleston, S.C.



Charleston South Carolina

by Cari Zourdos

Charleston is one of those places that is good for the soul. Every time I go, I feel a good breeze rushing in... like it's recharging my brain. There is always something new to see and entertaining people to watch. I love peeking around a corner and finding a restored Victorian mansion or a crumbling graveyard. Take a camera!









San Diego California

by Amanda Kraft

Balboa Park and the neighborhoods surrounding it are chock-full of culture that is quintessential of American heterogeneous society. Melting pot? I think not. San Diego is more like a summer salad with a splash of red pepper dressing. Amid the Spanish Reformation architecture, hills of waving palms, streets lined with authentic cuisine and galleries of fantastic art, I've never felt so relaxed in an urban area.



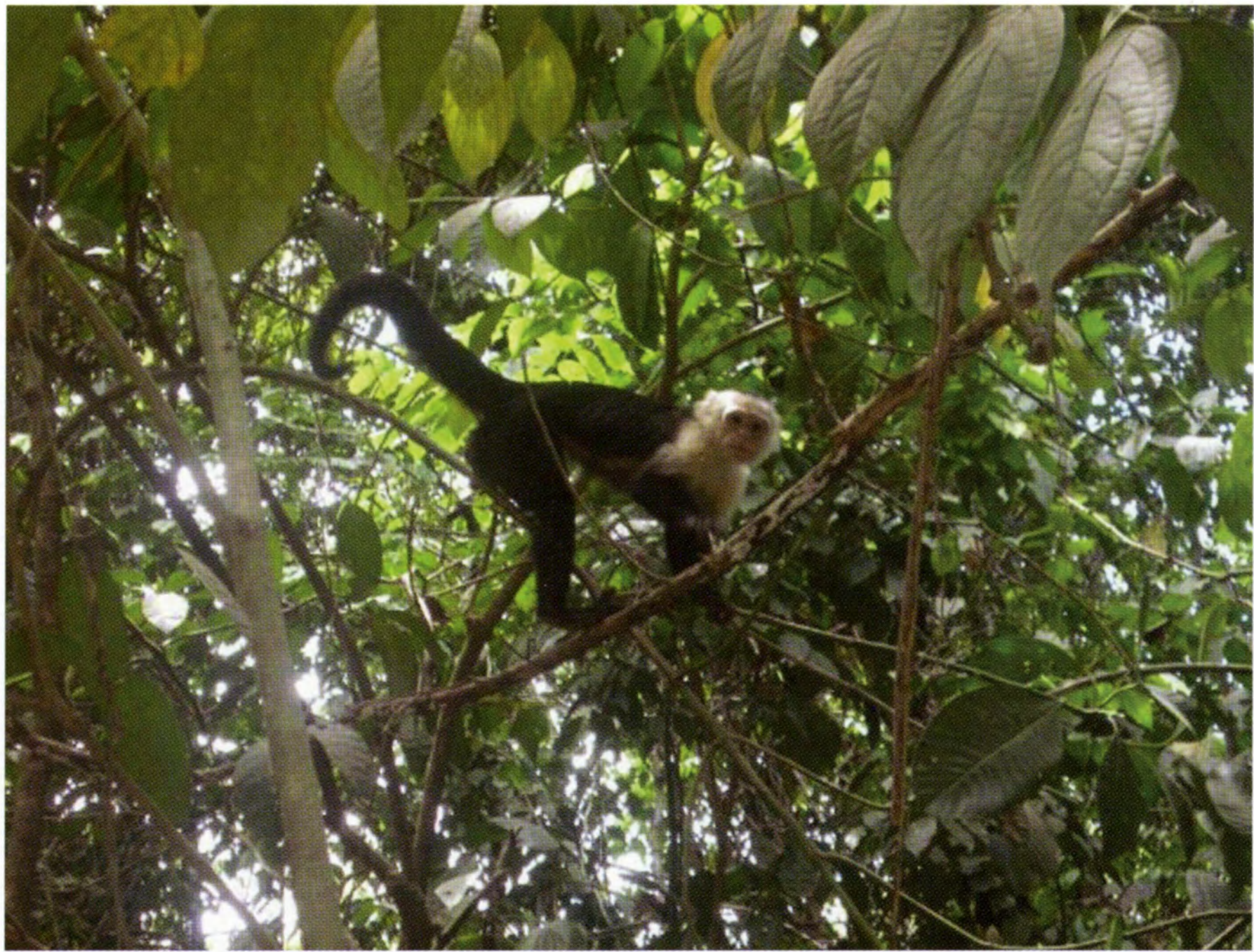


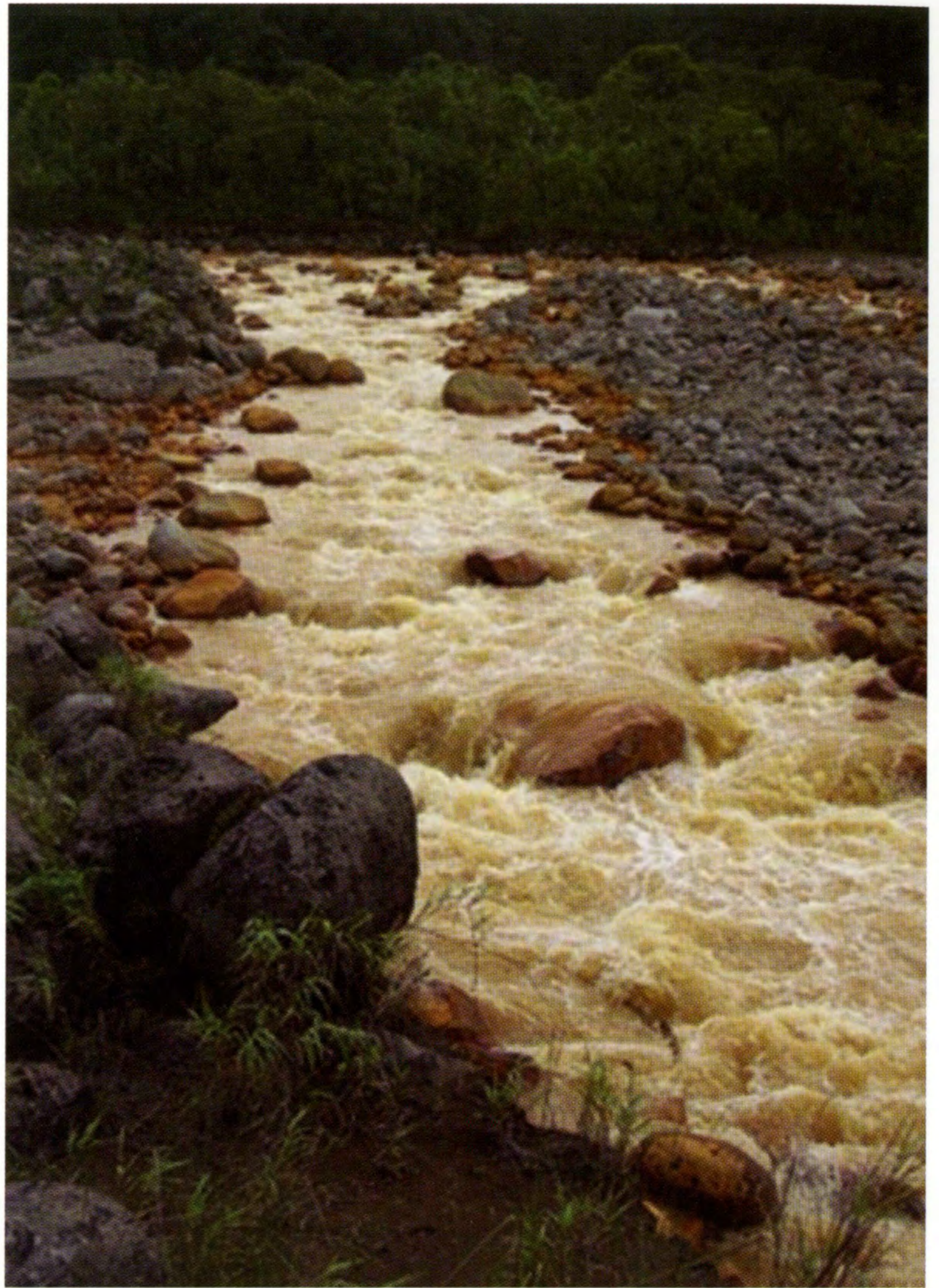
Mt Adams Cincinnati

by Rob Byrd

Steep winding hills lead just past the Cincinnati Art Museum and into Mt. Adams. This historic town on the edge of Cincinnati offers, breathtaking views, bars and art around every corner.







Costa Rica

by Darrin Cripe

Whether referring to the people, geography or culinary delights, Costa Rica is one of the most complex and diverse places on this planet. “Pura Vida” is the most popular saying in Costa Rica meaning ‘pure life.’ Once you’ve been to Costa Rica, you know the true meaning of Pura Vida. It’s a wonder anyone leaves.





Mumbai India

by Monish Patel

Going to India has made me view the world in a totally different perspective. The sounds, smells, colors and rich culture that inherits India are astounding. After travelling throughout the western regions, I experienced intense culture shock from one of the most populated cities in the world to a quaint village, finding myself surrounded by herds of cows.





Grand Canyon Arizona

by Lauren Formalarie

Photos cannot do the Grand Canyon justice. It stretches far beyond what the lens and the eyes can see. The scenery wraps itself around every angle of your vision. Its color and vastness are unexplainable with words. As one of the Seven Natural Wonders of the World, I highly suggest immersing yourself in the once in a lifetime experience of the Grand Canyon.



THE GOOD, THE BAD and the Ugly

Words ~ Tasha Deneen



“When you’re touring and if you go to a party, there’s automatically a celebrity-audience distance. It follows you around, especially when you’re on the road in small towns. Any time there is awe, it gets very difficult to be normal, to be yourself.”

--Steve Martin

It's no wonder celebrities these days take advantage of their fame. In today's world, athletes and stars are held extremely high on a pedestal as role models and leaders to America's youth. The moment someone is labeled a 'star,' their every move is watched under the microscope and their actions become seriously judged by the general public. Nonetheless, these celebrities are no different from anyone else. They may have an extraordinary gift, but they wake up every morning and live out their daily lives just like you and I do.

ous decision-making as well as consequences that follow. Around each corner there is someone waiting for them to slip up so they can misuse or abuse their fame. Not all the people in the limelight can trust those they say are friends.

The public mainly sees the positive outcome of an athlete's work. There are challenges, obstacles, and a great deal of effort that go along with any athlete's accomplishments. We only see the money, fame and glory through the attention and awards they receive. With new forms of media sources on

their so-called friends. We see so many mishaps of celebrities, like pornographic pictures, sex tapes and confidential information released to the public by those people the celebrities thought they could trust. In reality, many of their "friends and close acquaintances" are waiting in the shadows for their time to shine, looking for the right moment to ruin their friends' prestigious reputation. Fans are so envious they will go to almost any length to sabotage these stars' fame and fortune.

In such cases, the public has recently

“Nonetheless, these celebrities are no different from anyone else. They may have an extraordinary gift, but they wake up every morning and live out their daily lives just like you and I do.”

Yet, the public becomes appalled at the sight of such a star as Michael Phelps, taking part in an offending action like smoking marijuana at a party. How many 24-year-old Americans can say they have never taken part in such an act? Instead, we assume that Phelps should live up to a more prominent image that the public has assigned to him, due to his amazing athletic talent.

Fans envy athletes for a number of reasons—they want to be like them, constantly in the spotlight, always being honored the way they so often are. Society has created a mystique surrounding stars, causing fans to identify with the celebrity rather than the individual. Because of this, most of these celebrities think they can do or say what they please without repercussion. Yet, some don't realize that with fame, come seri-

the Internet, celebrities are constantly under the microscope that captures the good, the bad and the ugly, no matter if they desire their lives to be monitored or recorded. Why do people care so much about celebrities' private lives? What makes them so extraordinary to the public eye? Everyone has their own reasons for following stars' every move. The media overtime has created an aura around these otherwise average human beings. Granted some of these athletes or artists are creative and talented, but they are regular human beings who function in society as average people. Still, every week we tune in to watch various Internet broadcastings, like that of TMZ, catching the wild and crazy antics of these socialites.

With so many people watching these stars and waiting for them to falter, it is practically impossible for them to trust

learned a great deal about Michael Phelps being caught on camera at the University of South Carolina at Columbia, taking part in an illegal activity. A photo of Phelps smoking marijuana out of a bong at a college party was released to the media shortly after his surprise visit to the school, apparently for the purpose of doing some major partying. Many organizations have dropped his contracts and suspended him from competition because of this. Phelps was clearly with people he thought he could trust and was taken advantage of after being labeled the "Golden Boy" for winning overall 14 Olympic gold medals. His reputation is tainted, to say the least, due to one foolish night of partying and putting his trust in a crowd of strangers, one of which pounced at the opportunity to disrupt his fame.

Many companies invest a lot of time

and money into such athletes as Michael Phelps, because of his stature and talent. The majority of these athletes don't realize how much is at stake with their actions. When they behave poorly, not only does their famed image suffer, but their agents, family members, investors and fans take a hit as well. This forces them to attempt to get media and law officials to overlook the shortcomings and delinquent behaviors before it leaks out to the media, in turn usually creating explosion and related problems. The public is usually unaware that it is not only the athlete's reputation diminishing but all of the corporations who have invested in them. Athletes and their agents often try to sweep everything under the rug before it is publicized but the media is so constantly lurking in every dust-filled corner.

Money can't buy happiness, but it can buy a celebrity out of serving jail time. Wealth is the simplest way for most stars to pay off the corrupt law enforcement and shy the media away from broadcasting the truth. All stars can't be so lucky. In the late 1980's, Cincinnati Reds all-star Pete Rose was accused of gambling on baseball games, including his own team, which breaks the cardinal rule of the sport. His remarkable reputation was demolished after denying accusations for years up until recently admitting in 2004 to gambling on baseball. He has since been banned to enter the Baseball Hall of Fame. Even though he's withheld from receiving the proper recognition, he has justification to be one of the greatest baseball players to have ever played the game. Consider the defeat of such a talented athlete going unrecognized just because of some poor decisions.

Situations like Phelps' and Rose's go back to the old King of the Hill expression—fame is an endless race to the top and the media only allows for one 'king' at a time. We're constantly trying

to highlight celebrities' failures in order for this week's headlines and a moment in the spotlight. As far as professional athletes are concerned, it's every man for himself in this 'dog eat dog' world. There is a constant battle for Number One. Not too long ago, a mother in Texas ran over someone's daughter with her car so her own daughter could start the cheerleading team. Stardom can cause us to go beyond our boundaries and take extreme measures. Furthermore, people expect to have their criminal acts erased as if they were accidental, it is impracticable.

Someone wise once told me, "A person who is rich has a substance problem and a person who is poor is a junkie." We see society continuously placing labels on people, critiquing athletes and movie stars as being above the average adolescents and adults. At some point a person, no matter what he or she has accomplished, must be held accountable for their actions. We see so often those in the public eye who get the book thrown at them, like Michael Vick and O.J. Simpson, receiving a lesser punishment for their actions. Why do only some celebrities fall prey to our society while others can handle the fame? People will go to great lengths to be in the spot light, often no matter how obscene the behavior is. But, when they receive unwanted attention they blame the media for catching it on camera.

A problem in our society is that we set the standards too high for the rest of us after one extraordinary celebrity breaks a record, or wins a Grammy. We lose sight of the human beings behind the actions. There are millions of admirers that would love to spend one day in any stars' shoes. They get catered to, stay in the nicest hotels, eat the best food and get paid to promote establishments and products. Some don't even have the sheer respect to show any form of gratitude for the treatment, it is an expected

way of life following the fame. Yet, there are several athletes and celebrities who maintain a classy reputation, like Michael Jordan, Cal Ripken Jr. and Tiger Woods. They make it easy for you to understand that it is not a difficult task for a so-called professional to achieve. As we have seen through these examples, it is possible to be both a celebrity and a positive role model without sacrificing your individuality.



ECO - FRIENDLY TO THE GRAVE



“What man has joined, nature is powerless to put asunder.”
--Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

Words ~ Darrin Cripe

The negative environmental impact of traditional burial practices is growing too clear to ignore. Cemeteries do play an important social and environmental role. According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, between 1997 and 2001, 2.2 million acres were lost to development of funeral homes and cemeteries. This development is taking over natural environments that took eons to create.

Turning to more eco-friendly burial

options is a must. A natural burial takes place in an environment where native flora and fauna can flourish. Not only important to wildlife, natural burial grounds also give an elegant, natural setting to honor loved ones. These burials are also more cost efficient. Between land cleared for traditional burial sites, trees cut for caskets and chemicals secreted from embalming fluid, traditional burial practices are detrimental

to land, water, and air quality. There is good news: green burials are gaining ground due to the growth of a broader green ethic.

Over a decade ago, Billy Cambell, M.D. boosted the green burial movement by founding the Ramsey Creek Preserve, the nation's first “conservation burial ground.” The preserve is located in beautiful Westminster, S.C. Accord-

ing to its website, “The preserve was formed to harness the funeral industry for land protection and restoration, to fund non-profits, education, the arts and scientific research, and to provide a less expensive and more meaningful burial option.” At Ramsey Creek, the cost of a burial in a simple casket costs about \$2,300. The National Funeral Directors Association says the average conventional funeral costs about \$6,500. This includes mortuary services, embalming, a casket, and a cement vault for the casket. To add to the costs, there is a charge for cemetery plots. “The mortuary-cemetery business is a \$20 billion-a-year industry. If we could get just 10 percent of that,” Campbell said, “we’d have \$2 billion a year going towards land conservation on memorial preserves where people could picnic, hike, or take nature classes.” This idea is attractive to more than just Campbell. A recent survey by Kate Boylston, publisher of American

million tons of hardwood from caskets, 1.6 million tons of reinforced concrete, 827,000 tons of toxic embalming fluid, and 90,000 tons of steel from caskets. The amount of metal buried in the ground annually in caskets alone is enough to rebuild the Golden Gate Bridge. If that’s not shocking enough, the amount of concrete in burial vaults could pave a two-lane highway from Detroit to New York. Seehee states, “We want burials to be more sustainable for the planet, more meaningful for the planet, and economically viable for the provider.” The Texas Parks and Wildlife Department is working with the Green Burial Council to become the first state park agency that offers cremation-based green burials. The funds raised from the services will be used to acquire new state park lands.

One of the most intriguing options in the natural burial realm is that of a new

development. After years of experimentation, the colleagues created the Reef Ball. Reef Balls would be used to rebuild the dying reefs and to add new habitat to the marine environment. It wasn’t until one of the students, Don Brawley, would-be founder of Eternal Reefs, was approached by his father-in-law, Carleton Glen Palmer. Palmer questioned Brawley on the likes of having his cremated remains put in a Reef Ball. As Palmer put it, “I can think of nothing better than having all that action going on around me all the time after I am gone. Just make sure the location has lots of Red Snapper and Grouper.” On May 1, 1998 Palmer got his wish when his remains were cast into a bed of reefs just off Florida’s West Coast. This day marked the birth of Eternal Reefs.

Along with Brawley are close companions George Frankel and Chuck Kizina. These gentlemen invite and

“The amount of metal buried in the ground annually in caskets alone is enough to rebuild the Golden Gate Bridge.”

Cemetery and American Funeral Director magazines suggests that 43 percent of Americans want a green burial. Campbell estimates that over 200 natural cemeteries will open nationwide within the next five years.

In accordance with Campbell, Joe Seehee founder and director of the Green Burial Council, asserts the issues are indefinitely sustainability and land conservation. Green Burial Council is an advocacy and certification non-profit organization based in New Mexico. They are responsible for cemetery certification of three categories: low-impact burial grounds, natural burial grounds, and conservation burial grounds. According to the Green Burial Council, each year the U.S. buries nearly 30

wave company called Eternal Reefs. Eternal Reefs brings the green burial movement below sea level by offering a living legacy in the form of underwater reefs. Inside these reefs are the contained remains of those lost.

Based out of Decatur, Ga., Eternal Reefs is a Green Burial Council certified facility. Not only is the idea itself intriguing, the history of Eternal Reefs is quite eccentric as well. It all started in the late 1980s, when a pair of college roommates noticed the significant deterioration and degradation of the reefs they were visiting. Once the friends were out of school, they began experimenting with artificial material that would replicate a base for natural marine environment and support coral

encourage family and friends to attend and participate in the casting of their loved ones. Family and friends are given the opportunity to put handprints and written messages in the damp concrete mixture. Many loved ones feel this is a way to stay in touch for eternity. Not only is the bond lasting, but the reefs as well. Frankel emphasizes, “The reefs will last nearly 500 years.” He goes on to add, “These reefs will be covered up with sea life in a very short period of time. So far we’ve dropped about 300 reefs off the coasts of Florida, South Carolina, Maryland, New Jersey, Texas and Virginia.”

In the case that fish swimming around one’s remains is too far out, there are plenty of casket alternatives. One certified natural burial provider is the UK

based Eco Coffins Ltd. The Eco-coffins are made from recycled paper and cardboard and are 100 percent environmentally friendly. There are other certified coffin manufacturers that produce a relatively similar model, each varying slightly in the eco-friendly materials they use. These companies include Compakta Coffins, OnEarth Australia, and Arka Ecopod.

Compakta Coffins are made from carton-board materials produced from unbleached pulp containing at least 60 percent recycled paper and all wood pulp from forests certified by the Forest Stewardship Council (FSC). Only natural starch based glues are used in assembly. They do not use bolts, screws or tape to put the coffins together. Even the handles are made from natural woven cotton. OnEarth Australia is a company that manufactures attractive, affordable and environmentally friendly alternative caskets made from 100 percent recycled cardboard. Paints and varnishes used are non-toxic. Caskets have been tested and approved by TestSafe Australia, an internationally recognized testing authority to ensure structural integrity. They will not distort or collapse when subjected to funeral-type handling. The

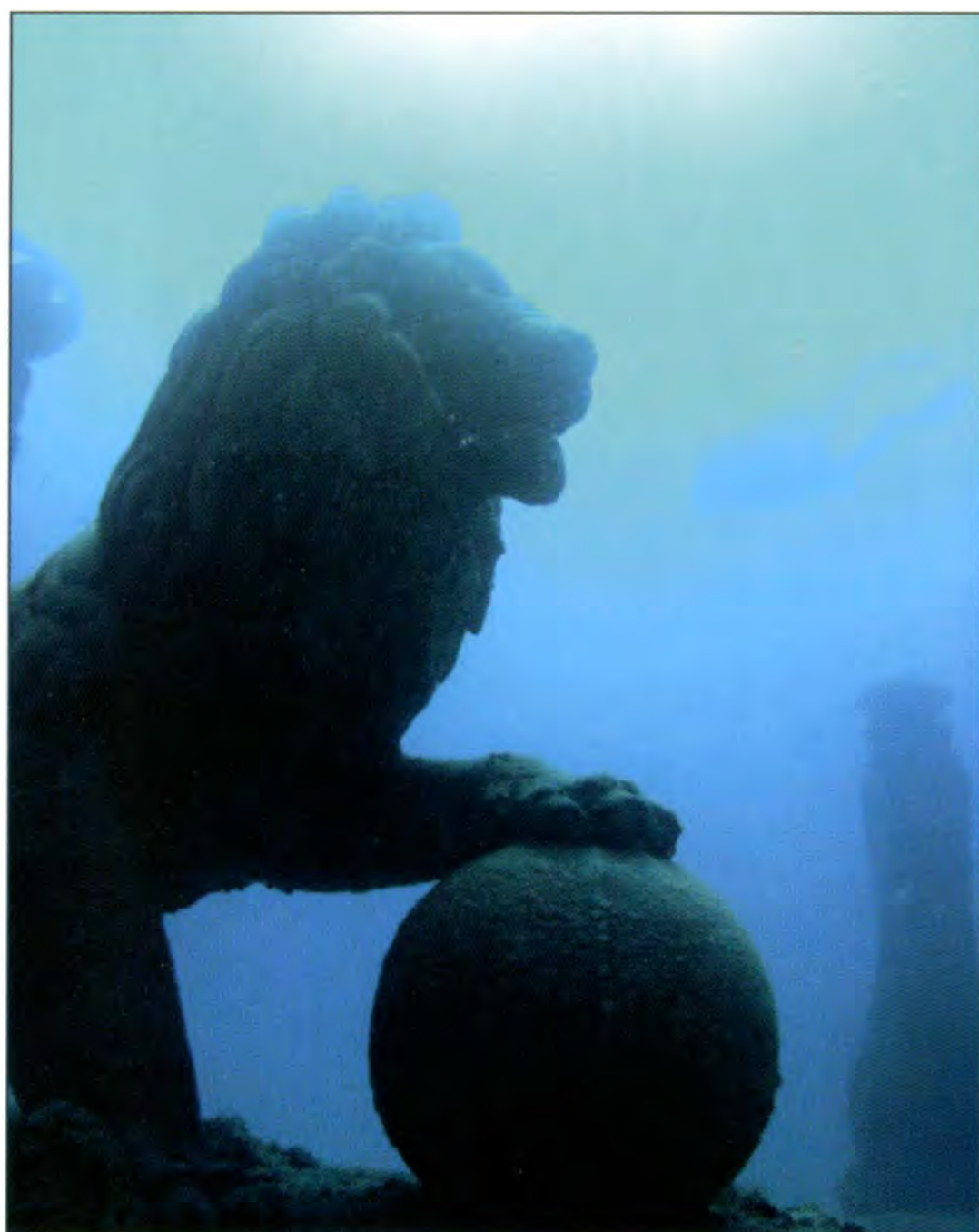
Arka Ecopod is another ecological coffin made from compressed newspaper. The Ecopod weighs about 30 pounds and can carry a person up to about 253 pounds, as tall as 6 feet. A specially designed webbing cradle makes it safe and durable to transport. The Arka Ecopod is suitable for burial ceremonies and has passed all regulation and emission tests.

If cremation is your preferred choice, consider Journey Earthurn's biodegradable urns. Journey Earthurn, are engineered to float momentarily and then gracefully sink in the ocean. Once the urn is on the ocean floor, it will naturally break down. Journey Earthurns are handmade using a centuries old paper-making technique. Similar to the Journey Earthurn, are the Batesville Cremation Urns, the Reflections series of biodegradable scattering urns. When you throw them into water, the urns float for one to five minutes before descending into water. Then, they biodegrade in the water without leaving behind any pollution. Batesville scattering urns are made from unbleached pressed cotton and come in elegant floral designs.

Perhaps the most innovative of green options is the Promessa AB Ecological

Funeral, invented by Susanne Wiigh-Mäsak. The process begins a few days after death when the body is frozen in liquid nitrogen. This makes the body very brittle. It is then slightly vibrated, turning into a powder. A vacuum chamber is used to evaporate any water so that the powder is dry. The powder is placed in a small corn or potato starch coffin, and is buried to decompose within a few months. Though the idea may seem a bit macabre, it is one of the most environmentally sound.

From biodegradable caskets to natural burial sites, death is becoming more of a green matter than a dark one. Death inevitable and undoubtedly affects those living. It does not, however, have to infect our living greenery. By putting wiser, more eco-friendly burial practices into use, we assure cleaner, less toxic air, water and land for life-holders to thrive upon.



Images courtesy of Neptune Memorial Reef

Portraits of the Virtuous

Tempo Magazine would like to thank photographer Scott Smallin, as well as 7twelve Boutique.

A portion of the clothing was provided by 7twelve Boutique, owned by Coastal Carolina University Alumnist, Michelle Spontak, and

located at 9713 North Kings Highway in Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29572

Photography shot at Huntington Beach State Park, Pawleys Island, S.C.

~ Models ~

Claire Arambula

Bradon Pate

Erin Gaesser

Kyle Diorio

Kyle Drapeau

Lauren Formalarie

Hannah Parrish

Cari Zordous

~Fashion Assistance~

Barbara Astrini

Darrin Cripe

Teodora Nica

~Photography~

Scott Smallin



Cari Zourdos

"I'm forever wanting to take care of people and 'make it better.' However, I usually make myself feel better with lots of dark chocolate."



Kyle Drapeau

"I feel like I'm a very loyal person. If we're friends, I'll have your back no matter what. On the flip side, my temper isn't exactly my strong suit."





Braden Pate

"I don't say 'no' enough. I try to be Mr. Dependable a lot and it kills me to let people down. However, with any challenge I try to be passionate and creative."



Hannah Parrish

"I like that I'm goal-oriented. But, I wish I were more impulsive."



Lauren Formalarie

“I’m late for everything and I despise that quality about myself. However, when I do anything, I put my heart and soul into it.”



Kyle Diorio

"I don't know if it's contradictory as a modest person to claim that is a quality I possess. Self-deprecation is the negative and twisted byproduct of modesty that plagues me."



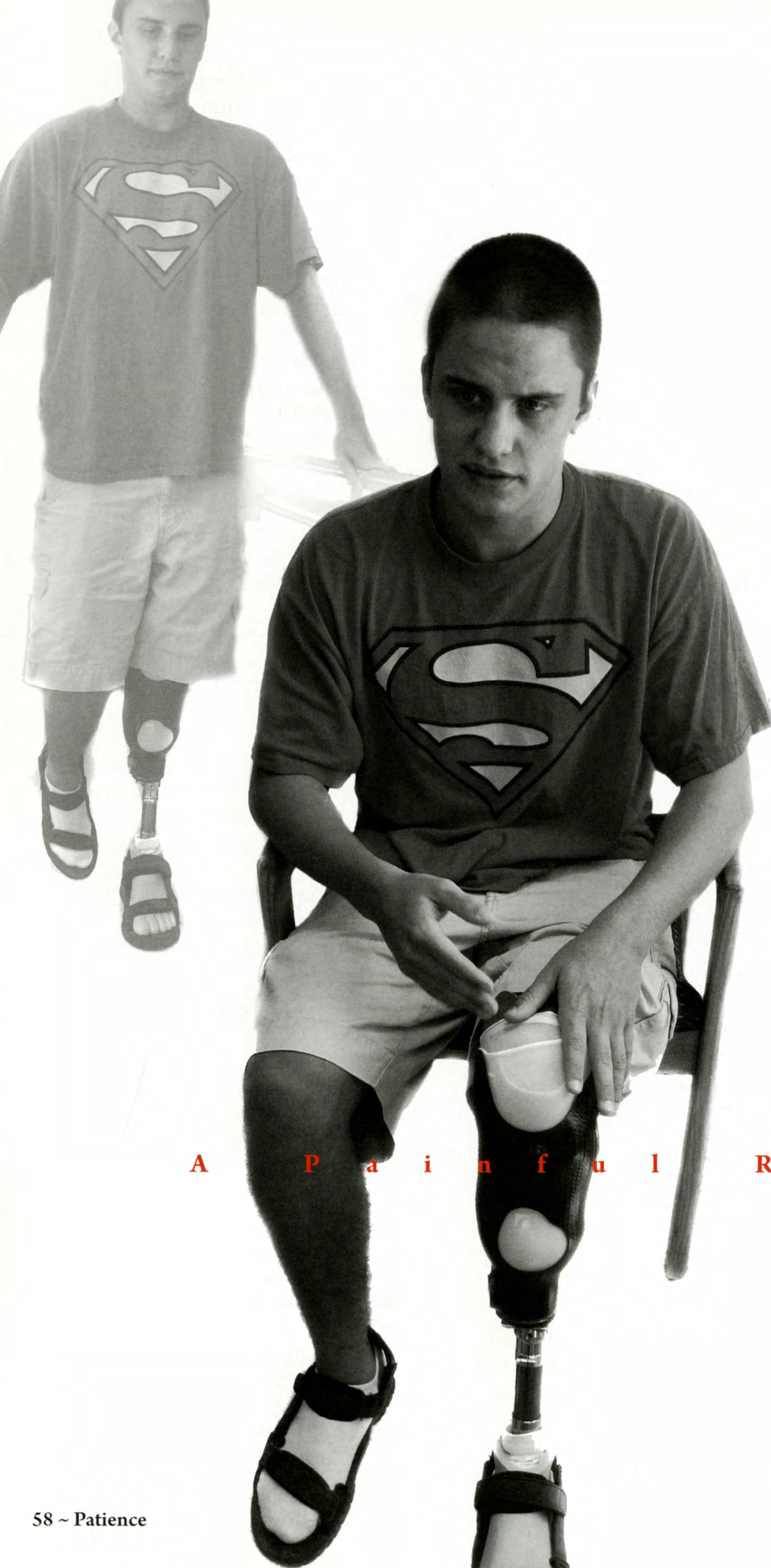
Erin Gaesser

"My worst habit is my room always being a mess! It's a never ever ending cycle in my life. In my opinion, the greatest quality I possess is my love for volunteering."



Claire Arambula

"I am a really low-maintenance, simple girl; it doesn't take a lot to make me happy. I have a problem telling people 'no' so I take on too much."



The story of how one student's debilitating accident helped him move forward.

Words: Jordan Armstrong

A P a i n f u l R e m i n d e r

My story begins on a foggy Wednesday night in late March 2006; the night that changed my life forever. I was an 18-year-old kid walking across a strip of U.S. 501 right outside Myrtle Beach when, boom! — My young, 180-pound body met a mid-size car traveling faster than 50 mph, head-on.

Everyone believes young people party hard in their first year of college because they aren't used to the freedom. They

say college is a totally new atmosphere in which you're planted and must adapt. That was not really the case for me. Actually, when I really think back, that was not the case at all. If I had time, I'd detail my insane high school career, which was very eventful but full of regrets. However, there's no need to go back that far in time. I'll just stick with my college experience.

You know how all the 'old-folk' tell you about the 'realization' that you will come to that will change your immature ways? Well, I had one of those realizations and, boy, did it change me. The car that collided with my body that night in 2006 was not only one hell of a realization but, strangely enough, it was quite suiting considering the direction in which my life was heading.

Anyone that has known me in the last decade can confirm that I have always 'lived life to the fullest.' Simply put, if I did something, I wanted to do it the best I could and better than everyone else. Never in my life, at least until about the age of 20, did I ever think about the consequences of my actions, the trouble I'd get in and the pain I'd cause. In other words, I didn't realize the stupidity or selfishness of most of my actions. I just took life as it was thrown at me, for all it was worth. I drank beer. I smoked that special herb. I did a lot of things that I shouldn't have, things I'm not proud of, but I had a damn good time doing it.

When I say I drank beer, I mean I really drank beers. I guess it started back when I was around 11 or 12 years old when I couldn't pull off a fake I.D. and thus couldn't get my own beer. My 'boys' and I would just wait around the beer store until we found the grungiest bum-looking dude we could and would ask him to buy it. We'd tell him, "Here's 40 bucks. Get two 30-packs of Beast Ice and keep the change." For the most part this isn't an uncommon practice among teenagers, but we would need two 30's instead of one for maybe three, sometimes four, teenagers. Everyone always planned on me drinking most, if not all, of one of the 30-packs, so there needed to be enough for everyone else.

This superiority in drinking competitions took lots and lots of practice, mostly at

the expense of my parents and loved ones. Practice consisted of drinking myself into oblivion, then drinking more. The only problem was all those people who would yell at me just because I was drinking (in my mind, a little bit) each night. I wouldn't remember where I had been or whom I was with, but "No big deal," I thought, "Why does it matter so much to them?" By my standards, I was just 'living life to its fullest.'

God, I hated waking up to my parents at the foot of my bed back then, shaking their heads in disgust at me because I had 'done it again.' But, soon came my supposed savior. Hello college!

The next thing I remember is the most powerful and inspirational statement I have ever heard. I remember the simple words of my mother. "You are here for a reason"

College was practically Heaven! I could drink all I wanted whenever I wanted, and no one was there at the end of my bed shaking his or her head. If you asked me back then to count the number of days I did not drink at least a 12-pack, I could do it on one hand.

Even worse, the days I only drank a 12-pack were days that all 12 beers were consumed via beer-bong. For those of you who aren't as party-savvy as myself, a beer-bong is simply a device that allows you to consume beer at an excessively dangerous pace. For me, it was an anomaly if I didn't down an entire 12-ounce beer in less than two seconds. I mean, back then, I'd be pissed if it took me two seconds or more to finish. OK, OK, this isn't a story about my drinking prowess in the past, so I'll move on to the message of the story.

In late March 2006, the second semester of my freshman year, I was, naturally, walking from one party to another. Although this particular party-hopping journey seemed pretty average initially, it was unlike any I had taken before. It was one that would change my life for the better.

On March 29, 2006, a car struck me while crossing U.S. 501, and this accident nearly took my life.

Because the weather would not permit me to be flown to Wilmington, N.C., I was taken by ambulance to Charleston Medical Center. I woke up out of my trauma and drug-induced haze a week or so following the accident to wires, tubes and machines all around me. I didn't know where I was, how I got there or why I was in so much pain. Sounds scary as shit, right? Luckily, just beyond all the medical equipment I could make out two people, the two greatest people in the world, my parents.

Seeing my parents took all the pain and fear away instantly. Well, maybe not all the pain, but they definitely took away the fear. The next thing I remember is the most powerful and inspirational statement I have ever heard. I remember the simple words of my mother. "You are here for a reason," she said. Imagine waking up in a hospital, in tremendous pain, and that being the first thing you are told – not what happened, not why you are there or if you are going to be alright – just, "You are here for a reason." At first it seemed a little skewed. Needless to say, I had no idea how to take such a statement of 'encouragement' at that particular time.

The doctors told me that my lower left leg was what took the blunt of the impact because I tried to somehow jump out of harm's way. Like I had the power, in my drunken stupor, to jump that far. Off topic, but imagine if I could jump a car?

The amputation was scheduled for April 15, 2006, the day before my 19th birthday. I remember thinking, 'What the hell is my mom talking about? I am in a hospital bed

Causes

The exact cause of phantom pain is still unclear, but it appears to originate in the brain. After an amputation, the nerves that used to serve that limb apparently "rewire" themselves, which remaps the brain's circuitry but specific portions of the brain show activity when the person feels phantom pain.

Symptoms

- Onset within the first few days of amputation
- Seeming to come from a part of the limb farthest from the body such as the foot of an amputated leg
- May be described as shooting, stabbing, boring, squeezing, throbbing or burning
- May be triggered by weather changes, pressure on the remaining part of the limb or emotional stress

Treatment Medications:

- Antidepressants. Tricyclic antidepressants, often can relieve the pain caused by damaged nerves. They work by modifying chemical messengers that relay pain signals
- Anticonvulsants. Epilepsy drugs are often used to treat nerve pain. They can sometimes work by quieting damaged nerves to slow or prevent uncontrolled pain signals.
- Narcotics. Opioid medications may be an option for some people. Taken in appropriate doses under your doctor's direction, they may help control phantom pain.

On the horizon:

- Mirror box. This device contains mirrors that make it look like an amputated limb exists. The mirror box has two openings — one for the intact limb and one for the stump. The person then performs symmetrical exercises, while imagining that the missing limb is moving. This helps relieve phantom pain in some people.
- Virtual reality goggles. The computer program for these goggles mirrors the person's intact limb, so it looks like there's been no amputation. The person then moves his or her virtual limb around to accomplish various tasks, such as batting away a ball hanging in midair. Although this technique has been tested on only a few people, it appears to help relieve phantom pain.

-MAYO CLINIC staff ~
www.mayoclinic.com

waiting to lose my leg and all this woman can think to say is, "You are here for a reason?" I can remember being really angry at first. 'This is bullshit,' I thought, 'I am just here for some diabolical plan created 'upstairs' in a plot against me.'

Of course, now, I realize I was wrong. I was in that hospital bed because I had unfinished business; business, that even I am unaware of at this point in my life, but business that hopefully will make this a better world. I needed to finish 'living my life.'

I am now a senior in college. I'll leave Coastal Carolina University in May 2009 with my original class as if nothing happened, like there was no near-death experience, like I never took on a car and lost a leg in the battle. I am set to graduate with Dean's List honors that I never would have received if I had continued drinking like I did in my first two semesters.

I have taken my mother's words to heart — not just to shape-up and graduate on time, regardless of missing two semesters — I have taken them to mean so much more. I know, now, that I am here to make the world a better place. I don't know if you've ever tried to better the world. It's easy to talk about but really hard to do.

To better the world, I believe, takes inspiration, and I have found this inspiration through my family. I cannot thank them enough for the way they came together during and after the accident, for how much they have done to make sure I am alright and comfortable, and for how much they have raised my spirits despite such a traumatic experience. Most of all, my inspiration and gratitude have come from the first words my mother spoke to me the day I woke up in that hospital bed, "You are

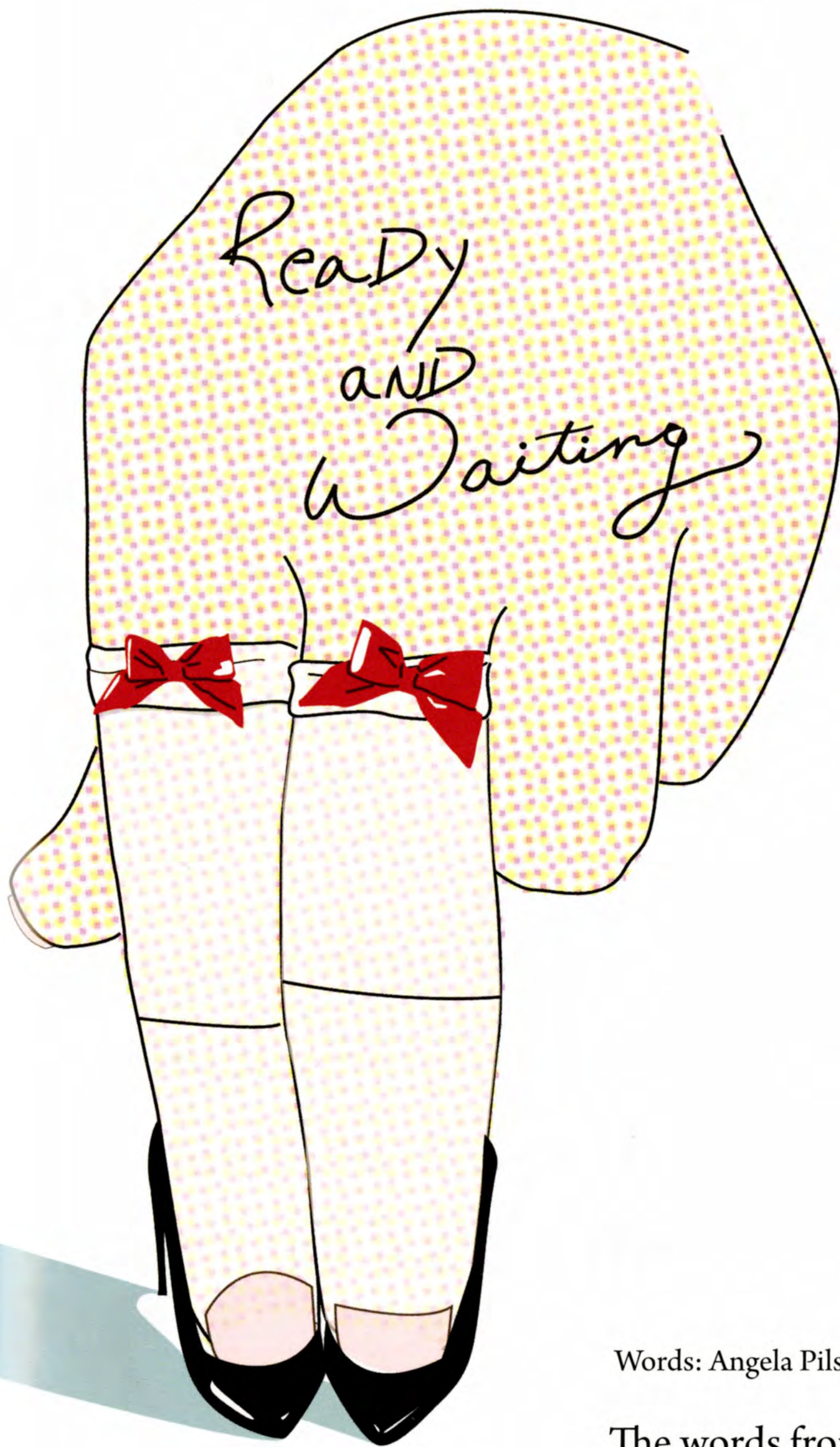
here for a reason." What exactly do those words mean? I have pondered this for a long time. I've come to the conclusion that they mean I am here to help other people.

In order to help others that have gone through amputations like mine, I recently founded the Phantom Pain Syndrome Association (PPSA). Phantom Pain is the most frustrating thing I've experienced since the accident. It is pain that amputees feel in the amputated limb, a limb that is no-longer present. The problem with this particular pain is there is no concrete treatment for it, and it is my hope that through PPSA, people like myself, and their families will have less of a struggle with it.

My story is one of how I abruptly and traumatically went from being a partying, excessive drinker and 'wild child' to an amputee, a college graduate, a founder (and current Executive Director) of a non-profit organization and, in general, a better, wiser human being. After all these changes, my message is to never give up. I find inspiration in my mother's words, but I live by my own motto: "Shit happens. Get over it." I want everyone to know that as long as they are willing to put forth the effort, nothing can hold them down. We are all capable of great things; some of us just need a wake-up call to realize it. As long as you aspire to do great things and are willing to put forth the effort, anything is possible.

PPSA, founded by Jordan Armstrong, is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization with a mission to raise awareness for Phantom Pain and provide support-facilities for sufferers. In general, PPSA helps fellow amputees find relief by let them know they are not alone and enables them to be optimistic.





Words: Angela Pilson

The words from a proud member of the “Saving Myself for Wild, Passionate, Awkward Honeymoon Sex” group.

I did it again. I made out with him the other night – there’s another mistake to add to my growing list. Ricky, the guy I crushed on in high school, now twenty pounds heavier, a drunk and car fanatic. I’m surprised he didn’t mention NASCAR. We sat in my car and kissed, swapping sins like demons out of Hell, grinding and panting. It was just like in the movies, my windows were foggy and slick.

Fortunately, I didn’t mess up so bad this time. At least our shirts and pants stayed on. They came up a few times, but never

off. I realized too late that I have nothing in common with him. He’s into partying and getting wasted. I’ve never been drunk, or buzzed for that matter.

Of course when I got home, the next morning my conservative, Catholic mother asked me, “Did you have sex?!” I like that I am able to tell her no. It’s reassuring, when I don’t have to lie to my mother. I’ll stretch the truth maybe, even omit details, create thorough fabrications; but, lie? Never.

I should figure out how to date with-

out moving so fast. I can’t seem to find the brakes, I think someone clipped the wires. I jump six steps ahead of myself and I don’t even know the guy’s middle name, or favorite food, or the name of his last girlfriend. But, I could tell you if he was a good kisser, how his breath felt against my neck and how skilled his fingers were.

What was I thinking that night? Well, in that kind of situation, thoughts are hard to come by. Unfortunately, panic attacks arrive like clockwork during any affair like this one. I become terrified

of what could happen, and my imagination fills in the details. My anxiety is so extreme. Just a week ago I snuck into a CVS in Columbia, S.C. and took a pregnancy test because my concern was overbearing. I was afraid that my friend's sperm magically leapt into my vagina and wriggled their way to my uterus, just to spite me. *Haha! We'll show that virgin! She'll never suspect that she'll get pregnant! Serves her right, the tease!* I even took it in the CVS Pharmacy bathroom, which was extremely embarrassing.

When I walked out, I felt like the ladies at the pharmacy were about to jump over the counter and shove Bibles down my throat. I felt like I should have said to the clerk, "I've never had sex, but I just want

I am a paradox; a contradictory being that is nevertheless, true. I am a virgin and believe that Jesus is my Savior and God will meet me in heaven, but temptation is a reflection of me. I am temptation – a Jezebel in modern society. My only regret is that I don't move slowly. I murder a relationship before it is even begun. In a sense, I abort the pregnancy. I tease the guy I want, I make him gasp until he reaches for me. Then, I am lost. All I want in that moment is to feel wanted, adored, even needed. Our hands move, circle, grab, grasp. Our mouths open and close, like fish gasping for air.

Maybe that's how I make myself feel needed. I create the need, and then fill it,

Somewhere between the running water and the engine running, I can't seem to do that. The command in my head gets mysteriously deleted, like Enron's financial statements.

The constant war I have with myself is just a part of me, every guy is another battle. My naughty side is winning. I have two halves. Each is a complete character with her own set of problems and desires. To elaborate, one side of me is a dominatrix, a femme fatale who wants sex, pain and all the pleasures of a male body above her: his weight, his warmth, his hot breath, his need, the pressure of him against her. She likes handcuffs, being tied up, whips and whipped cream.

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to make sure." Of course, I would then never step foot in the store again, which would be tragic since I have a rewards card with them.

But anxiety is something that is uncontrollable, an overwhelming force that suffocates you until you can't breathe, and are you're gasping for anything that will alleviate the choking suspicion that something went wrong. Everyone has experienced it – it's like thinking that you're going to be that one out of a million that dies on the rusty roller coaster at the state fair. Logic is nonexistent. Logic and reasoning doesn't even enter the mind when anxiety is present.

for the most part. I'll grind, kiss and bite, but I won't have sex with them. They are my toys, until they wind down and realize that we moved too fast and I am just a fantasy that is passing. I'm just another girl they fooled around with. Then, they meet the girl they want to date. I wish I was her.

I try to tell myself to run; run away from the situation I'm in. To flee from the guy in the shower waiting for me to strip away my clothes and inhibition, and join him. To drive away, preventing regret. To protect him and myself from an awkward, "We should probably just be friends" moment, over Facebook Chat.

The other side is a Christian virgin, waiting to have sex with her husband. She wants the romance and anticipation from a first kiss after three dates, the feel of his strong hands intertwined with hers as we walk down the street, the long conversations about our dreams until 2 a.m., the exchange of vows, the first time as husband and wife, and the relationship with God. She has been quiet lately, when I'm misbehaving with a guy. She hides in the corner of my mind and listens to The Fray on her iPod reading Corinthians, waiting for it to be over. She recently has lost to the naughty girl, who moans through my mouth, and

grins at the fact that she won the battle.

Yeah, and you think you're messed up. On the flip side, she still has somewhat of a hold on me. I mean, I am still a virgin. That has to earn me some kudos. How many 18-year-olds can brag (well, most probably wouldn't brag) about being a virgin? In a way, it's slightly romantic to think there are virgins out there. The old fashioned idea of waiting for one's true love is idealistic, yet, possible. I've met quite a few during my time here at Coastal Carolina University, and believe me, it helps to know others are going through (gasp) the same experience. I'm getting better though. I remind myself of the quote, "Fail, fail again, fail better," by Samuel Beckett. Each new situation I'm in, I don't do as much, or remove as many clothes. Hopefully, I

can fail better so much, I'll succeed and wait until the third (or second, or first) date to kiss him. Well Beckett, here goes to failing better. On my wedding day, I'll let you know how I did. That has always been my goal, to rip off the stupid, puffy dress on my wedding night and jump my husband's bones. I want to lose my virginity with the man that promises to love and honor me for the rest of his life. If you don't believe me, check out my Facebook. I'm a proud member of the "Saving Myself for Wild, Passionate, Awkward Honeymoon Sex" group. I mean, my chastity is the least I can give to him, besides my love and trust. But unless you waited too, it's practically impossible to describe how badly this war rages on.

